

The Sketch

No. 713.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1906.

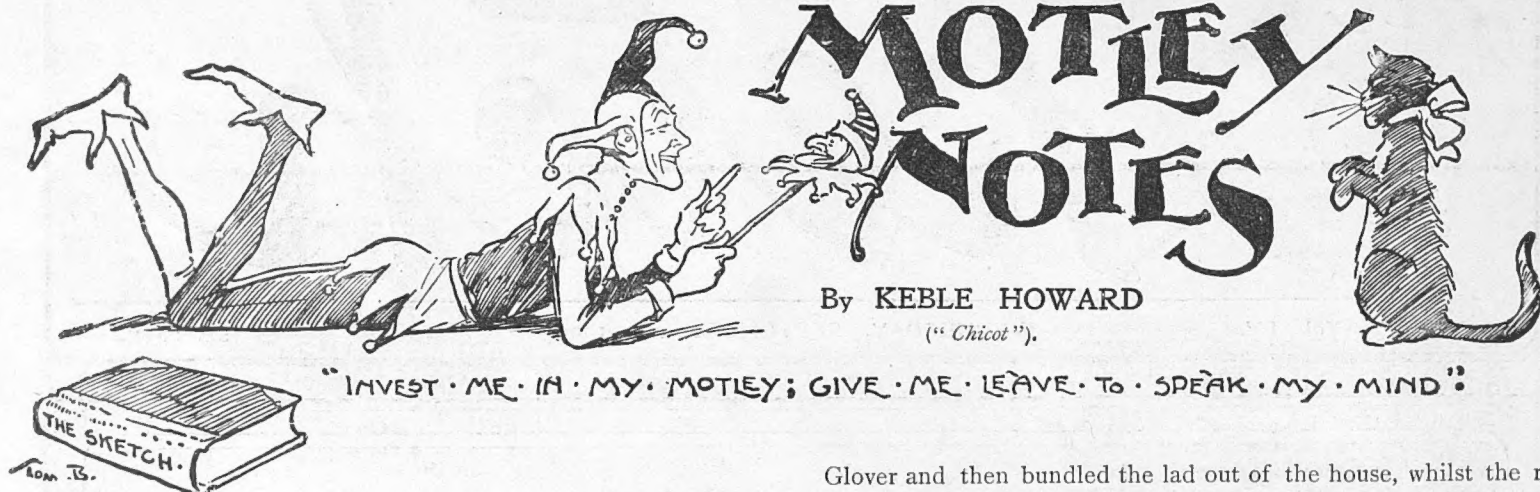
SIXPENCE.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, WHO HAS BROUGHT AN ACTION FOR CRIMINAL LIBEL.

A young man giving the name of Frederick Vernon Dare was arrested at Liverpool on Saturday last on a charge of criminal libel against Mr. Seymour Hicks, the warrant being issued in London. Mr. Hicks left town on Sunday evening in order to be in Liverpool for the opening of the case, which was set for Monday. The accused man is, we understand, not a relative of the well-known actresses, the Misses Zena and Phyllis Dare, the name "Dare" being but a theatre-name in their case.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



A Note for Adults Only.

A lady writer has discovered, to her satisfaction, that women are untruthful. To her satisfaction I say, because she evidently thinks that men dislike untruthfulness. This is a great mistake. No sensible man wants to be bothered with the daily truth, or a woman either. People who are sticklers for truth, and nothing but the truth, have not yet learnt what is good for them. If everybody woke up one morning and began to tell the truth, the world would go mad. The art of gentle deception is one of the necessary decencies of life. That is why we are all so afraid of children. We teach children to tell the truth, and then we wish we hadn't. "What a funny pimple Mrs. Williams has got on her nose!" is the kind of remark that has wrecked many and many a luncheon-party, severed lifelong friends, and even made it advisable for a man to give up his commodious and conveniently situated dwelling and seek a refuge in some other suburb. I hasten to add that everybody should tell the exact truth about matters of real importance. "I can honestly say," declared a very great friend of mine the other day, and a man whom I really respect, "that I have never told a lie." There was a pause. "At any rate," he added thoughtfully, "never to a man." I readily accepted the amendment. My friend is a civilised person. He has taken to heart the famous adage for grown-ups—

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
Until we practise to deceive!

Great Fun for the Devil.

Not, of course, that I would have men and women deceive each other if it can possibly be avoided. If the deception makes for unhappiness, it is unpardonable. But there are so many sweet people who, in their frantic endeavours to shame the devil by telling the truth on every occasion, merely succeed in giving the Old Gentleman unbounded joy. If there is one thing the devil honestly enjoys, it is the sight of unhappiness. Wipe unhappiness out of the world, and he would die of boredom. That is why I assert that the art of gentle deception is one of the necessary decencies of life. "I always say what I think" is a creed for savages. The occasions upon which one ought really to say what one thinks are rare. An engineer making a report on a mine must say what he thinks (to his employers), and so must a newspaper-man who is sent to sample a play. But there is no reason in the world why a private individual should tell a radiant mother that her eldest child is knock-kneed. The poor dear, you may be sure, has been trying to forget it these ten years.

The Morals of Miss Macdonald.

Hard things are said about the stage, and yet, if only as a safety-valve, it has its uses. If more girls went on the stage there would be less of this tiresome theatricalism in real life. Take, for example, the case of Miss Mary Macdonald. Miss Macdonald has a craze for histrionics, and this is how she indulged it. She was engaged to be married (I take my facts from a new York cablegram) to a gentleman named Mr. William Thober. "When the day came and the guests had assembled, a pale-faced girl was ushered into a rear room and hidden away in a cosy recess. In the reception-room was Miss Macdonald, arrayed in her wedding-gown and orange-blossoms, weeping. Out in the dining-room was Mr. Thober, laughing and joking with a group of men. Suddenly, Mr. Griffin, the bride's brother-in-law, exclaimed, 'Miss Macdonald is your bridesmaid. The bride will be Miss Viola Glover, of Newark, New Jersey, the girl whom you betrayed and deserted three months ago.' The curtains were brushed aside, and Miss Macdonald, with an arm round the waist of Miss Glover, advanced a step and said in ringing tones, 'Marry her! She doesn't want you, but she needs your name.' Mr. Thober stood open-mouthed, staring into space." So they married him off to Miss

London.

Glover and then bundled the lad out of the house, whilst the rest of the party sat down to the wedding-breakfast.

Yankee Priggishness.

By the way, I nearly forgot to give you the last line of the dialogue. This fell, by some accident, to Mrs. Macdonald. "She handed Mr. Thober his hat, pointed to the street door, and opened it. 'Go!' she cried, 'and go quickly.'" Now, it is obvious that Mr. Thober is a bit of a nincompoop. Yet, seeing that the poor lad is only twenty-one, there is a good deal of excuse for him. The awful misery which is practically certain to result from this melodramatic marriage must be laid to the charge of Mrs. Macdonald and her daughter. What steps did they take, I wonder, to ascertain the extent of Mr. Thober's guilt? Why didn't they go to him quietly, before the wedding, and appeal to his goodness of heart? Why did Miss Macdonald put on her wedding-dress and her orange-blossoms when she knew that she was not to be married? Why did they invite a crowd of people to witness the poor young fellow's humiliation? I refuse to fall down and worship Mrs. and Miss Macdonald for their conduct. I consider that their action was both cruel and ignorant.

Laws for Women? Bosh!

But, there! Whilst the relations of the sexes remain in the present unsettled condition, you will never know quite what to expect when you attend a modern wedding. Anything might happen. Take, if you don't mind, the case of the pretty widow of Yverdon who has been giving such a lot of trouble to the Federal Tribunal. Encouraged, doubtless, by reports wafted from England of strange, strong women beating shrinking, weak men with leaded whips, the pretty widow of Yverdon, having been nicely married by a lovesick tradesman, refused, if you please, to sign the register. "Why not?" demanded the registrar, wondering what his wife would say if the marriage was declared invalid and he lost the fee. "Why not?" piped the lovesick tradesman. "Because," the pretty one replied, "my name is ever so much nicer than yours, dear heart, and I intend to stick to it." The couple parted. The registrar appealed to the Federal Tribunal for instructions, and the Judges, after a long and angry debate, declared that the marriage was valid. The next move in the game falls to the pretty widow, one presumes. She will get the best of it in the end, of course, because she is pretty and because the tradesman is lovesick. So the world wags. What on earth is the good of making laws so long as men are men and women are pretty?

Murder in the Stalls.

I came across an instructive article in a weekly gossip-journal called "Entr'acte Conversation." "To talk well," said the writer, "that is, to be interesting and entertaining, between the acts of a play is a real and a rare art, and its possessor is pretty sure to be in request as a theatre companion. It is particularly valuable for a woman to have a pleasant, tripping tongue when at the play. . . . The most successful entr'acte talker is probably she who at the moment the curtain falls is ready with a flow of the ever-useful 'small talk.'" Ye gods! The curtain has just fallen, let us say, on that infinitely touching scene in "His House in Order," when poor little Nina, yielding to the entreaties of Hilary Jesson, has decided to put aside her contempt for the Ridgeleys and attend the opening of the park in honour of the saintly, sinning Annabel. The tears are in your eyes; you have been taken right out of your ordinary, narrow self; you have been living in another world. Hardly, though, has the curtain reached the stage than your desirable companion with the tripping tongue exclaims, "Haven't we had a lovely summer? Did you go away? We had a most gorgeous time on the Broads! Have you been there? Oh, do look at that queer woman with the red bow in her hair!" I think I should strangle the "successful entr'acte talker."

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT OF RECENT YEARS.

THE POINTS OF LIFE AND DEATH: THE LINE THE EXPRESS SHOULD HAVE TAKEN (X) AND THE LINE IT TOOK (XI).

THE BROKEN WINDOW THROUGH WHICH THE FRONT GUARD, KNIGHTON, ESCAPED UNHURT.



THE WRECK OF THE SCOTCH EXPRESS AT GRANTHAM.

Not the least extraordinary thing about the wreck of the Scotch Express at Grantham last week is the difficulty, almost the impossibility, of ascertaining the cause of the disaster. The train, which ought to have stopped at Grantham Station, did not stop, but dashed through it at forty miles an hour, and, instead of taking the main line to the North, took the branch line, which curves to the left and goes to Nottingham, the points of which were open. On this curve, a speed greater than ten miles an hour is forbidden. Beyond the fact that the train appears to have taken this curve at forty miles an hour, to have struck the parapet of a bridge crossing the road, and to have overturned with terrible results, little is known. In addition to the curve theory of the accident there have been advanced the possibility that the brakes of the engine failed to act, and that something may have happened to the driver's brain.

Photographs of Window and Wreckage by the Topical Press; Railway Lines by Halftones.

THE CLUBMAN.

*Typhoons at Hong-Kong—A Sailing Vessel Landed in a Street—
"Going into Action" Against a Typhoon—The Big Blow—A
Typhoon off Japan.*

I HAVE seen typhoons at Hong-Kong, but none so severe as the one that has just caused such tremendous wreckage in the harbour. When I was on the island in the early 'eighties people still talked of "a great blow" which had driven a sailing vessel out of the water and right up one of the streets. I was inclined at first to think that this story was retailed for the benefit of newcomers, but when I had seen what the tail-end of a typhoon could do in the way of destruction I believed everything that I was told concerning the big tempest.

The harbour of Hong-Kong is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is landlocked. On one side is the mainland, with Kowloon on the shore and a range of mountains purple in the distance; on the other side is the British island, with the town of Victoria terracing the slopes and reaching almost to the Peak. There are islands in the harbour, and there is safe anchorage, except during a big typhoon, for all the navies of the world. The whole of the big sheet of water is alive with sampans, the Chinese boats, each with brown sails, each with eyes at the prow, that it may see where it is going. There are big sea-going sampans and little cockle-boats; but all are built on the same model, and each is the dwelling-place of the sailors who man it and their families. How the owners of such a multitude of boats make a living is one of the puzzles of life in Hong-Kong; but as the Chinamen live on fish and rice, feeding is not an expensive item of existence.

There are inner harbours of refuge for small boats at Hong-Kong, arms of masonry thrown out from the shore to give shelter in rough weather; but as the typhoon struck the harbour suddenly, the sampans would not have been able to gain refuge, but, no doubt, were clustered like bees round the ships at anchor. One of the curious sights of the harbour are the piers from which the Canton and Macao steamers start. The boats are great treble-decked buildings, more like hotels than sea-going craft, and some of them are topped by a "walking beam." When a typhoon catches them at the piers, it pounds both them and the piers into matchwood.

The preparations the vessels at Hong-Kong make to meet a typhoon are somewhat like the preparations made before going into action. Plenty of warning is, as a rule, given from the signal-stations, and the sampans and the small boats make for the best

shelter available. The ships all get up steam and look to their anchors and moorings. Some of the captains who have had experience of typhoons in harbour have favourite anchorages to which they move their craft, and on shore, where everything has been made taut and trim, every shutter securely fastened, and every door

bolted, and on board the ships, where the boats are all in board and the hatches all on, men watch the mercury drop and drop and drop in the barometer, and wait for the fight against wind and sea to begin.

When the wind does come it hits sea and ships and land as though a blow had been delivered by some gigantic unseen hand. The black water of the bay becomes driven white, and each ship begins to fight to hold its place. On shore the telescopes are turned towards each ship in succession. Some of the craft always begin to drag their anchors as soon as the wind is at its height, and there is always the danger of a drifting ship fouling another and of both of them becoming wrecks. The tugs, with a full head of steam, keep near the vessels of their companies to give help should any be needed.

Whether the typhoon be a heavy one, its centre passing over the island, or whether it only gives the harbour a brush of its outer circle, there is always a lull at one period of the blow—a breathing-space of some minutes, which gives any ship in difficulty a little respite before the fight begins again with the wind in another quarter. After the tempest is over, there are always wonderful stories to be told of extraordinary escapes, and not the least extraordinary in the latest calamity will have been the escape of the two torpedo-catchers, which dragged their anchors the whole length of the harbour.

Once I had experience of what the centre of a typhoon is like in the China Seas, and it is an experience that no man ever wishes to go through twice. I was a passenger on a British steamer which ran through the Inland Sea to Kobe and Yokohama. She was an old boat, and was going into dock after her next voyage to have new boilers put into her. Twice we stopped in the Inland Sea that some slight repairs might be made to her machinery, and though she was a very comfortable craft, no one felt very sure that her machinery might not go wrong at any time. When we came out of the Inland Sea into the



THE STAMP AS
PASSED.

THE STAMP AS
ISSUED.

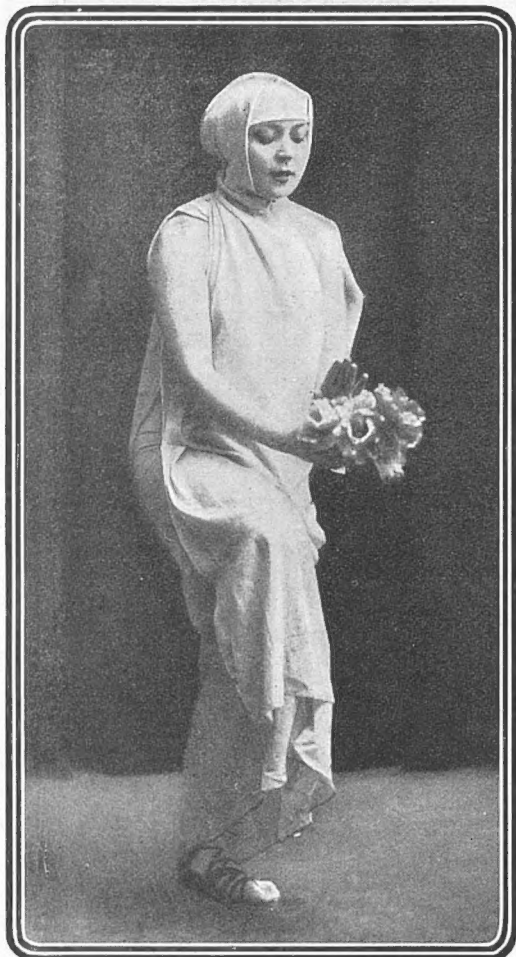
OF GREAT INTEREST TO STAMP-COLLECTORS:
THE NEW FRENCH TEN-CENTIME STAMP, AS
IT OUGHT TO BE, AND AS IT WAS FIRST
PRODUCED.

Philatelists are much interested in the accidental issue by the post office in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris, of some ten-centime stamps of a design rejected by the authorities. As will be noted in our reproductions, the correct design shows "La Semeuse" sowing seeds on the earth; the incorrect design shows her equally busy sowing in mid-air.

Reproduced from examples of the stamps courteously lent by
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open, we knew what was coming. The sky became like ink, the barometer told us of the wind's approach. The ladies were in the saloon under battened-down hatches; a little group of the men elected to see it out in the smoking-room on deck. We had a pilot on board as a passenger. He had lost his nerve, and was going to settle down on shore. It was his last voyage, and Jeremiah himself could not have been more doleful in his prophecies than he was. For hours the fight against the sea went on. The great green mountains came tearing at the ship, and she turned her head a little just as they reached her and got over each with a stagger. There was a tremendous crash once when the water smashed into the officers' deck cabins, and once a boat came up against our shelter and cracked

like a walnut, and all the time the pilot was tearfully cursing his luck. We were only steaming enough to keep steerage-way on, and the engines held out. Bruised and ill and feeling starved, we found shelter at last in Kobe Harbour with a renewed pride in British seamanship and a comprehensive knowledge of the devilries of a typhoon.



A FAMOUS FRENCH DANCER IN A CURIOUS POSE:
MLLE. REGINA BADET.

Photograph by Boyer.



A TYPICAL "SWEET GIRL UNDERGRADUATE"
AT MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

Photograph by Morgan.

shelter available. The ships all get up steam and look to their anchors and moorings. Some of the captains who have had experience of typhoons in harbour have favourite anchorages to which they move their craft, and on shore, where everything has been made taut and trim, every shutter securely fastened, and every door

NEW GLORY FOR A BEAUTIFUL CITY.



THE TOWERS OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN, TO BE OPENED BY THE KING TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

The view is taken looking down School Hill to Upper Kirkgate. The tower on the left is the North; that on the right, the Mitchell.

Photograph by G. W. Wilson.

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SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, printings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

AN ARMOUR-PLATED PREACHER.

THE Rev. G. E. Thorn, pastor of the Clifton Congregational Church at Peckham, was to have preached in armour last Sunday on the text "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." He was to have illustrated the text by donning the armour piece by piece, but when he appeared on the stage of the Crown Theatre he announced that he could not do so, the armour being too small for him. The suit was placed on one of his assistants, and Mr. Thorn preached as arranged. Our portrait of Mr. Thorn wearing the armour (given on page 347 of this Number) is by the View and Portrait Supply Company.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.**FOLKESTONE RACES,**

THURSDAY, Oct. 4.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

| LEAVING | | LEAVING | |
|-------------------|--|--------------------------|-------|
| CHARING CROSS | 10*55 11*10 10*10 10*25 10*12 10*28 11*12 10*19 10*34 11*17 10*27 10*44 | MAIDSTONE | 11 27 |
| | | ASHFORD | 12 25 |
| | | HASTINGS | 11 20 |
| | | TUNBRIDGE WELLS | 11 20 |
| | | (Changing at Tonbridge.) | |
| WATERLOO | 10*28 11*12 10*19 10*34 11*17 10*27 10*44 | BRIGHTON | 9 50 |
| | | LEWES | 10 10 |
| LONDON BRIDGE | 10*28 11*12 10*19 10*34 11*17 10*27 10*44 | EASTBOURNE | 10 25 |
| | | MARGATE SANDS | 11 5 |
| NEW CROSS | 10*28 11*12 10*19 10*34 11*17 10*27 10*44 | RAMSGATE TOWN | 11 15 |
| EAST CROYDON | 10 25 | CANTERBURY | 11 55 |
| RED HILL | 10 43 | DOVER TOWN | 12 20 |
| EDENBRIDGE | 11 8 | FOLKESTONE JUNCTION | 12 0 |
| PENSHURST | 11 18 | | 2 15 |
| TONBRIDGE | 11 30 | FOLKESTONE CENTRAL | 12 5 |
| DARTFORD | 9 55 | | 12 31 |
| GRAVESEND CENTRAL | 10 13 | | 2 17 |
| CHATHAM (M.L.) | 10 53 | SHORNCIFFE | 12 9 |
| STROOD (N.K.) | 11 5 | | 12 34 |
| | | | 1 11 |
| | | | 2 21 |

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+ Third Class only, and Return Day Fare, 6s.

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VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

SEPTEMBER 29.

THE KING'S VISIT TO
ABERDEEN:
THE NEW BUILDINGS
OF
MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King, accompanied by the Queen, opens the new buildings of Marischal College, Aberdeen; to-morrow (the 27th) and loyal sons of the Granite City have streamed there from all parts of the Empire in order to be present at the many brilliant functions. His Majesty was never privileged to wear the scarlet gown, but he has many other close associations with Aberdeen, for he was first there when only seven years old. King

Edward knows something of undergraduate life: as a youth he kept terms, not only at Christ Church, Oxford, but also at Trinity College, Cambridge, while at Edinburgh he was taught science by no less a person than the late Lord Playfair.

A Gargantuan Record.

Lord Strathcona, who is Chancellor of Aberdeen University, has imagined, as all the world knows by now, a most original way of celebrating his connection with that seat of learning; and the two thousand five hundred guests who will sit down at his hospitable board to-morrow evening will be able to tell themselves that they have taken part in the most gargantuan feast on record. Perhaps, however, "the Land o' Cakes" will feel mortified at the thought that all the cooking of the dinner will have been done in London; but every food-producing country—especially, it need hardly be said, the fair land of France—has contributed its quota.

The Queen's Return.

The Queen's arrival in Scotland was celebrated with great enthusiasm on Deeside, where much sympathy is felt with the Royal Family in connection with the illness of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. The fact that her Majesty did not deem it necessary to hasten her return proved that the Princess was never in actual danger. Queen Alexandra has, it is understood, extended a warm invitation to her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, to spend a portion of the coming year in England, but the Empress is unwilling to make any plans till the state of Russia is more settled, for she is deeply attached to her adopted country and its people.

A Cecil Engagement.

Much interest has been aroused by the announcement that Mr. Arthur James Cecil, eldest son of

Lord Arthur Cecil, is to wed Miss Beatrice Stuart-Wortley, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. C. B. Stuart-Wortley, K.C., M.P. Mr. Cecil is the son of Lord Arthur by his first marriage—with Elizabeth Anne, daughter of the late Joseph Wilson, of Woodhorn Manor, Northumberland; his stepmother was Baroness Frederica von Klenck, daughter of an Austrian noble. He is thirty-one, and he paved the way to a commission in the Grenadier Guards by education at Winchester, and "Trin. Coll. Camb." His father is a half-brother of the late Lord Salisbury, under whom the father of the bride-elect served in two Administrations as Under-Secretary for the Home Office.

Paris and the American College of Dressmakers.

The Rue de la Paix is not very alarmed at the prospect of being ousted by New York and its College of Dressmakers. It has heard that kind of thing before. "The fashion" is a plant indigenous to Paris. You cannot bed it out in other parts without doing damage to the growth. In that little region dominated by the Colonne Vendôme, you find the right kind of atmosphere for the proper producing of women's clothes. The designers are there—quick, observant, artistic—ready to catch inspiration from every event passing in the capital, and



THE WEDDING OF A MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER TO HER FATHER'S CHAUFFEUR: MR. AND MRS. JOHN HENRY FELLOWS AT THEIR HOME AT THAMES DITTON.

Mrs. Fellows' father is Mr. Sydney Howard Farrar, a well-known South African millionaire, brother of Sir George Farrar, and friend of Dr. Jameson and the late Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Fellows was Mr. Farrar's chauffeur, and married his master's daughter before the Registrar at Norbiton. Mr. Fellows is thirty; the bride twenty-two.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

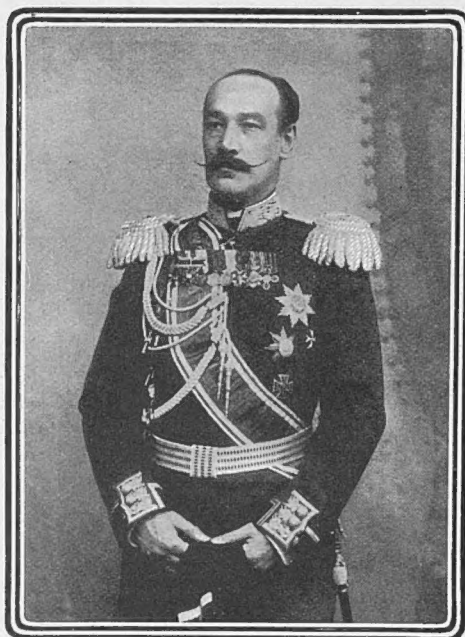


ELABORATE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIAL IN NORTH-WEST LONDON: THE PILGRIMAGE OF OUR LADY OF WILLESDEN.

The Archbishop of Selesia officiated. At the head of the procession shown in our photograph is Canon Brennan, of Marylebone.

Photograph by Reinhold Thiele.

they are aided by hosts of little work-girls who are unsurpassed in their daintiness and taste. Mimi Pinson does not emigrate to Broadway, or even to Regent Street. If she does, she ceases to be Mimi Pinson. It is the air of Paris and the traditional deftness of its fair inhabitants that produce the mode. Paris already suffers from Berlin, but that is a disloyal competition, basing itself on the early capture of a new model. That does not threaten the supremacy of Paris. It is merely the homage that the dishonest pays to the creative.



SUCCESSOR TO "THE INCORRUPTIBLE": GENERAL DIEDIULIN, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED THE LATE GENERAL TREPOFF AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Photograph by Bulla.

a calf as medium, then came to Paris and told the French Academy of Medicine the result. His patients, inoculated with the serum, he found, hated alcohol with all the hatred of a temperance reformer—for a few days. Then they took to the bottle again as a mother to a long-lost child. They had merely acted under the influence of auto-suggestion, believing for a while that they did not like alcohol. But the serum was of no effect. He obtained precisely similar results from inoculation with any other liquid, water not excepted.

Her Secret.

This subject brings to mind a terribly grim story of which the late Sir George Grove made note. A beautiful Englishwoman lost two husbands in turn, "not suspiciously, but suddenly." A friend of the second husband determined to fathom the mystery, and married her. He observed that she betrayed extreme horror at a man who had taken too much drink. Although the couple had by this time become extremely fond of each other, he resolved to feign intoxication. He did so, and repeated the deceit a night or two later. On this occasion his wife got out of bed, and was just about to pour something from a phial into his ear when he opened his eyes and caught her arm. He then proceeded more closely to investigate the deaths of his two predecessors, and collected evidence upon which he hanged her.

The Morgue and the Ring.

The Morgue, with its sad baggage, will soon be on the move. It has trotted before in its past history; it seems likely that this is the last of its *déménagements*. No self-respecting British tourist needs to be told that the Morgue hides its ugly secrets behind the skirts of Notre Dame. It has been there for years. It was fullest of its silent company after the great disaster on the "Métro." Then there was a forest of coffins of unidentified people. Gruesome indeed are the stories that belong to this low, sombre-looking building. One of the strangest relates to a marriage-ring. That particular ring of peculiar workmanship was noticed on the fingers of several of the poor persons who came eventually to figure in that dread collection behind the glass window. The *alliance* was an heirloom which had a fatal legend attached. It was said that those who wore it would come to a tragic end, and so it proved. Three persons, closely related to the original owner, all wore it, and came in their turn to figure in the company behind the window.

Popularity of the Morgue.

Yes, the popularity of the Morgue as a place of sightseeing is beyond dispute. Char-à-bancs filled with our dear selves and our dear cousins from across the pond stop before the very door, and tourists troop therein, as gaily as if it were the Moulin Rouge. An odd taste, surely. Yet it must be said that we are not alone in liking to see the Morgue. The French people go too—the provincials, that is; and, what is more, they take their children. For the lower classes in the capital, it is a regular spectacle. They feast their eyes upon the horrors and find a morbid pleasure in noting every detail. In years ago, before

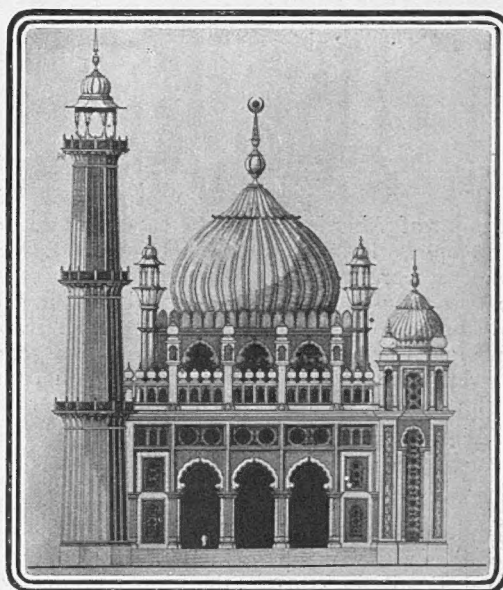
Calves, Salvation, and—Moonshine.

The Legislature of South Australia has decided that drunkenness is not a crime, but a disease which must be fought by means of drugs and hypnotic suggestion. This is interesting in view of what transpired after the declaration of three great French surgeons that they had found a cure for the evil in the serum of a horse which they had kept for some time under the influence of alcohol. An Australian physician, Dr. Crevally, tried the "cure" with

the refrigerating chamber had been built, the director drew down the blind before the window when he had to change the occupants of the *salle*. On those occasions the public howled in execration. "Why did you not tell us it would be closed to-day?" they shouted. It is to break this unholy fascination that the authorities have decided, at the moving of the institution, to change its name into something solemn and official, such as the Medico-Legal Institute. Half its strange, grim hold upon you seems to have departed with the change of name.

The Forbidden Sport.

The excitement aroused in athletic circles over the opening of the South African Rugby footballers' tour at Northampton to-morrow is an evidence that the popularity of the handling game was permanently re-established last season and not merely for the visit of the great "All Blacks." If only a side could be chosen from all who play the game—amateur and professional, as is the case in Association football and in cricket—the Old Country could still beat the world at the game she invented. That may yet come. Even as an amateur sport Rugby football was not always deemed quite good form. The rowing-men at the Universities thought that for big, beefy fellows there to run after a bit of leather when they might be better employed on the river was monstrous. And they refused the football men their Blues. It was only after a pitched battle of oratory in the Union Society's Debating Hall that the Cantabs got their colours for the game, two-and-twenty years ago. Oxford had given way a year earlier.



MOHAMMEDANISM IN ENGLAND: THE NEW MOSQUE THAT IS LIKELY TO BE ERECTED IN LONDON AT A COST OF £100,000.

The design of the proposed new mosque for London is the work of Mr. W. J. Chambers, architect of the mosque at Woking.

Photograph by Hamilton and Co.

Few who know her and the details of her life and "Ranchman." were astonished at the news that Lady Ernestine Hunt had crossed the Atlantic in charge of some seventeen half-broken horses from Calgary. Her career has been nothing if not adventurous: were there a Legion of Frontierswomen she might well claim to lead it. She is five-and-thirty, and her hour has indeed been crowded. She was scarce out of her teens before she had been round the Horn—not in the "Midshipman Easy" fashion; she has trained steeplechasers; she was a nurse in Krugersdorp at the time of the notorious Jameson Raid; and she has been to Australia and back in a sailing-boat. The eldest of Lord Ailesbury's two daughters, she was christened Ernestine Mary Alma Georgiana. In 1898 she wedded Harry Brady Hunt, and in the same year her son, Hamo Lewis, was born. She has two "places" in Ireland—Ballylean, Kildysart, Co. Clare, and Kilcurly, Adare, Co. Limerick.

Lady Winifred Gore.

Society is poor in half-sisters, though a brilliant example of such a group is that composed of the lovely daughters of Blanche, Lady Rosslyn. Another case in point is Lady Winifred Gore, now fifteen years of age, and aunt to last week's bride, Lady Kitty Ogilvy. Lady Winifred, who will be one of the most important débutantes of 1909, is half-sister to Lady Airlie, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Esther Smith; she has a half-sister nearer to her own age in Miss Claire Stopford, her mother's daughter by a first marriage. Winifred, Lady Arran, lives in one of the most delightful houses near Windsor, and her daughters are great favourites with Princess Christian, to whom Lady Arran once stood in the close relation of Lady-in-Waiting. The Gore family belong to the dignified section of the high nobility, and the present Lord Arran's three married sisters are most admirable examples of the British gentlewoman. They are closely connected with the Court owing to the fact that Lady Airlie is Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess of Wales.



AUNT TO LADY KITTY VINCENT: LADY WINIFRED GORE.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.



THE WIFE OF THE EX-ADMINISTRATOR OF NIGERIA: LADY LUGARD.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

without indiscretion, to have had a finger in most Imperial pies. Her part in the South African imbroglio was all to her credit; she was one of the first to whom was confided the news of Mr. Chamberlain's coming Fair Trade campaign, and she was a confidant also of the late Cecil Rhodes. Lady Lugard, who is gentle and womanly in appearance and manner, has written a monumental work on Nigeria.

The Only Jew in Congress. Mr. Julius Kahn is the only

member of the House of Representatives of the United States who has been on the stage and has exercised the calling of an actor in a professional way. As his name indicates, Mr. Kahn, for whom is claimed the additional distinction of being the only Jew in Congress, is of German origin. Indeed, he was born in Germany, at Kuppenheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, forty-five years ago, but was taken by his parents to the United States, and then settled in San Francisco when he was only a few years of age. Like most American boys, he was educated at the public school, and when the time came for him to choose his profession he elected for the stage, playing with some of the greatest American actors; he was in the companies of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Clara Morris, while, when Salvini acted with an English-speaking company, he was one of those who supported him. The stage, however, did not satisfy Mr. Kahn, for after a time he returned to San Francisco to study law, and was admitted to the Bar by the



THE ONLY JEW IN CONGRESS: MR. JULIUS KAHN, WHO WAS ONCE AN ACTOR.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

Lady Lugard. The wife of the ex-administrator of Nigeria is perhaps the most interesting feminine figure in the world of Greater England. She began life as an Irish squire's daughter, and she has been successively novelist, journalist, Colonial specialist of the *Times*, special touring commissioner for that great paper all over the Colonies, and last, not least, wife to the Empire-builder whose name she bears. As Miss Flora Shaw, Lady Lugard may be said,

The Detective's Laboratory. The ex-

hibition of photographs showing how human blood may be traced, even after the article with which it has come in contact has been washed, startles the layman. But science knows all about it; knows, too, more than these photographs show. Microscopic, spectroscopic, and chemical tests are exciting, but old. The first may fail to discover blood, the third may destroy the very evidence it seeks. There was until recently the difficulty that, except from the blood of the camel, human blood could not be distinguished from that of any other mammal. But now, by a process which savours of magic, the scientist is able to tell the name of any animal from which the tiniest speck of blood has come. A rabbit is inoculated with human blood, and



A PRETTY COMPETITOR IN THE EASTBOURNE. TENNIS TOURNAMENT: MISS K. KENTISH.

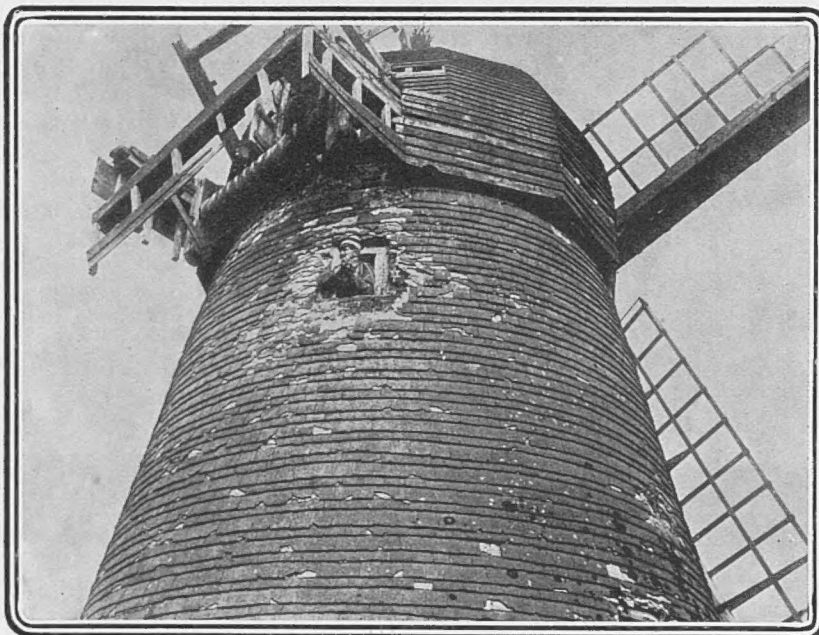
Photograph by G. and R. Lavis.

after a period of thirty or forty days, a serum is obtained with which the miracle is worked. The spot of blood sought to be identified is dissolved in distilled water, and added, one part to the serum, the other part to rabbit's blood which has not undergone the treatment. In an hour's time the first, if the spot of blood be human, will show turbidity or precipitate; the other will remain perfectly limpid. In such careful tests are the weapons of the great detective.

The Clergyman Who "Cuts" the Word "Obey."

As the late Dr. Parker was to

London so is the Rev. J. S. Balmer, who has been attracting so much attention by an omission of the word "obey" from the marriage service, to Blackpool. His church is regarded as the Tabernacle of Lancashire Nonconformity, and it is always crowded during the



A MODERN EDWARD III.—NOT AT CRECY: A SCOUT OF THE "RED" FORCE USING THE OLD MILL AT HALNAKER DOWN AS AN OBSERVATION STATION DURING THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.

Supreme Court in 1894. Four years previously, however, he was elected to the Legislature of California, and he served as Secretary of the Financial Committee of the California Mid-Winter National Exhibition. Seeking national honours, he was proposed as Member of Congress for the Fourth Californian District, and was elected in 1899 for the usual term of four years. Last year he was again elected for the same district, and he will serve until 1909.

services he takes. Mr. Balmer carries the weight of his seventy-five years easily, for he is a strong man with a fine physique, tall of stature, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, and wiry. He has seen great changes in the Methodist Church during his life; he studied for the ministry of that denomination when it possessed no colleges. He is a strenuous worker in the temperance cause, and has been a teetotaler since 1852, when he signed the pledge in Carlisle, where he was then living, and from that day he has been an ardent advocate of its principles. He lectured for some years in the temperance cause before he entered the ministry. As he has himself said, as at one time he used to preach in addition to lecturing, so now he often lectures in addition to preaching, an interesting reversal of things.



THE CLERGYMAN WHO CUTS "OBEY" FROM THE MARRIAGE SERVICE: THE REV. J. S. BALMER.

Photograph by A. Dearden.



THE LORD PROVOST OF ABERDEEN:
MR. ALEXANDER LYON, HOST OF THE KING AT
THE LUNCHEON AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Photograph by Morgan.

is one of the shrewdest business men of the North, comes of a family long and honourably established in the commerce of the Granite City. He married Miss Elsie Inglis, daughter of the late Mr. William Inglis, of Aberdeen. Mrs. Lyon is a cousin of Dr. John Inglis and Dr. A. Stephen Inglis, the eminent physicians at Hastings and St. Leonards-on-Sea. Mr. Inglis, the General Manager of the Great Western Railway, is also a cousin.

*The Principal of
Aberdeen
University.*

The Very Rev. John Marshall Lang, D.D., LL.D., Vice-Chancellor and Principal of Aberdeen University, was famous as a preacher before he left the pulpit to direct the academic fortunes of Northern Scotland. He is himself a son of the Mansé, and is a Glasgow University man. He still finds many opportunities for his great gifts as an orator, he admits that he is a most sturdy and persuasive beggar, and much of the money for the extension of the University buildings has been lured from benefactors' pockets by his eloquence. Principal Lang's son, the Right Rev. Cosmo Lang, is Bishop of Stepney, and his nephew, Mr. Matheson Lang, is now appearing as Tristram at the Adelphi. In the Principalship Dr. Lang succeeded the late Sir William Geddes, most picturesque of Grecians, whom Aberdeen men remember affectionately as "Homer." Principal Geddes devoted the labour of his later years to the extension scheme which has come to fruition under his successor.



ARCHITECT OF THE NEW MARISCHAL COLLEGE
BUILDINGS: MR. A. MARSHALL MACKENZIE, A.R.S.A.

Photograph by Morgan.

THE KING IN THE GRANITE CITY.

*The Lord Provost of
the Granite City.*

The King's host to-morrow in Aberdeen is Lord Provost Alexander Lyon, who will entertain his Majesty at luncheon in the Town House, after the opening of the new buildings of Marischal College. The Lord Provost has for many years devoted himself to municipal affairs, and he might have held the chief magistracy earlier had his health permitted, but for a time he had to withdraw from public work. Mr. Lyon, who

the motto of the College, but not, be it noted, of the University. In his most notorious novel a writer now departed quoted the Marischal motto in a Latin dress — *Aiunt, quid aiunt, aiunt*. It was Grant Allen who did.

*The Architect of the
New Marischal
College Buildings.*

Among the granite buildings of the world, Marischal College, as it now stands completed, is the most magnificent, and in size it is second only to the Escorial. The extension has been designed by Mr. A. Marshall Mackenzie, A.R.S.A., the most distinguished of Aberdeen architects. He is an Elgin man, the son of an architect, and was born in 1848. The new tower and hall of Marischal College and the completion of the quadrangle are magnificent examples of English Perpendicular Gothic.



WIFE OF THE LORD PROVOST OF ABERDEEN:
MRS. LYON, HOSTESS OF THE KING AT THE
LUNCHEON AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Photograph by Morgan.



THE MOTTO OF EARL MARISCHAL, HEAD OF THE KEITHS,
FOUNDER OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY: "THEY HAIF SAID,
QUHAT SAY THAY, LAT YAME SAY."

The inscription, which has been built into the walls of Marischal College, came from Dunottar Castle, the seat of Earl Marischal.

Photograph by G. W. Wilson and Co.

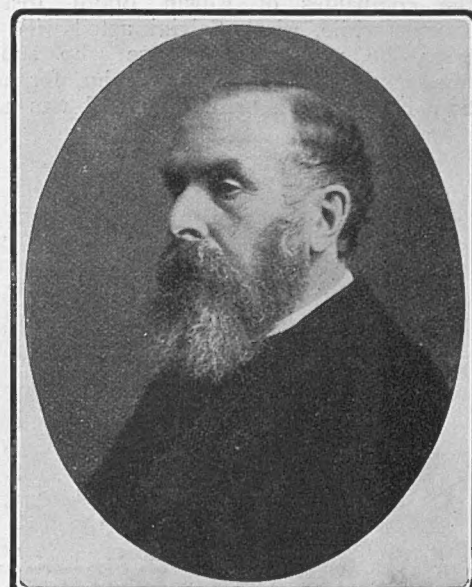
*The Proud Motto of
the Keiths.*

The inscription here reproduced from the carving on the great staircase of Marischal College is the family motto of the founder, George Keith, 5th Earl Marischal. The stone was brought from his Castle of Dunottar. The legend runs — "Thay haif said, quhat say thay, lat yame say" (they have said, what say they, let them say), and this fine expression of contempt for public opinion is

*A Novel
Advertisement.*

The Germans, with their new-found commercial genius, are running the Americans close in the matter of advertising. One of the principal Berlin stores lately hit upon the idea of inviting everyone who spent a shilling at their establishment on a certain day to a great garden-party. They hired a public garden in the suburbs of Berlin which could contain several thousand persons, and gave their patrons a concert, a ball, and a display of fireworks, followed by a torchlight procession. The affair was the greatest success imaginable, and proved a most potent advertisement.

A Painting by Goethe. The announcement that a water-colour by Goethe is to be sold in Berlin is surprising only from the fact that anyone should allow such work to come under the hammer; the knowledge that the poet was also an artist, in the more restricted sense of the



THE PRINCIPAL OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY: THE
VERY REV. JOHN MARSHALL LANG, D.D., LL.D.

Photograph by Fred. W. Hardie.

AN ARMOUR-PLATED PREACHER.



THE REV. G. E. THORN IN THE ARMOUR ON WHICH HE PREACHED LAST SUNDAY.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Power of Prayer—and Port.

Before appearing upon the stage in an important rôle, Helen Faucit, we are told, always knelt in prayer. Gladstone, when he had a great speech before him, spent a few minutes before rising in the House in silent supplication for strength and wisdom and guidance. Brougham, when he made that great speech on the Reform Bill which was spoken of at the time as "overpowering, matchless, and immortal," reserved his prayer as a dramatic finale to his oration. "I implore you—yea, on my bended knees I supplicate you," he cried, "reject not this Bill!" And he knelt and bowed his head as if in prayer. So long did he remain thus that his friends were alarmed. He had fortified himself for the speech with mulled port, and they feared that the beverage had done its work too well. They picked him up gently and set him on the Woolsack, and the great scene ended in bathos.

Mr. Barrie's Time-Table.

Now that he is devoting so much of his time to the drama, Mr. Barrie will have to revise his time-table and regulations as to work. These in the old days were as under—

JOURNALISM.

2 pipes, 1 hour
2 hours, 1 idea
1 idea, 3 pars.
3 pars., 1 leader

FICTION.

8 pipes, 1 ounce
7 ounces, 1 week
2 weeks, 1 chap.
20 chaps., 1 nib
2 nibs, 1 novel

The communication, sent in answer to the inquiry of a great admirer, was written upon a crumpled piece of paper which had evidently contained a fourteenth part of the fuel necessary to the production of one chapter of a novel.

Clouds of Glorious Tobacco Smoke.

The revising barrister who smoked in court and repented is evidently not so devoted a disciple of the weed as some who have made fame in its smoke. One perfervid Dutchman, whom his countrymen consider as second in importance only to Raleigh, organised a great festival of tobacco at his graveside. Every man who attended the funeral was presented with ten pounds of tobacco and two pipes; the poor who followed the bier were entitled upon each anniversary of the date to a package of tobacco. The hero himself was laid to rest in a coffin fashioned from the cigar-boxes whose contents had given him joy; and at his foot were stored tobacco, his favourite pipe, and a box of matches. "One never knows what may happen," said the clause of the will governing this little provision. The funeral passed off in a glory of smoke, and a lady who inherited a legacy conditionally upon her overcoming her repugnance to tobacco walked in the procession with a mighty cigar in her mouth.

A Dark Compliment.

'Tis not in a mortal, even if he be President of the Cuban Republic, to command success, however much he may deserve it. His compatriots have been showing that, as Stambuloff governed the Bulgarians, with something of scourging as well as of love, so firmness, not less

than kindness, must be the rule in the island whence the cigars come. President Palma had endured many sorrows, braved many perils, before establishing himself at the head of the Republic; yet some would willingly let him depart and another take his place. The position is that represented, quite inadvertently, by a famous negro toast. The company had assembled to celebrate a retiring Governor of unbounded popularity, who had not, at the outset of his career, been universally acceptable. "De Gobernador ob our State!" exclaimed the dark gentleman to whom the toast was entrusted. "De Gobernador ob our State! He come in wid much opposition; he go out wid none at all!"

The Conscience of a Queen.

In having the King to open the new buildings of Marischal College tomorrow Aberdeen University is more fortunate than the sister seat at Edinburgh, whose tercentenary celebrations threatened for some time to lack one much-desired item—a royal blessing. Distinguished savants from all parts of Europe were there for the rejoicings, and Queen Victoria was asked to send a message of felicitation. The Queen, before consenting, asked for an assurance that vivisection was not carried on within the walls of the University. She was answered that it was the foundation of the University, not that of the medical college, that they were celebrating. Her Majesty

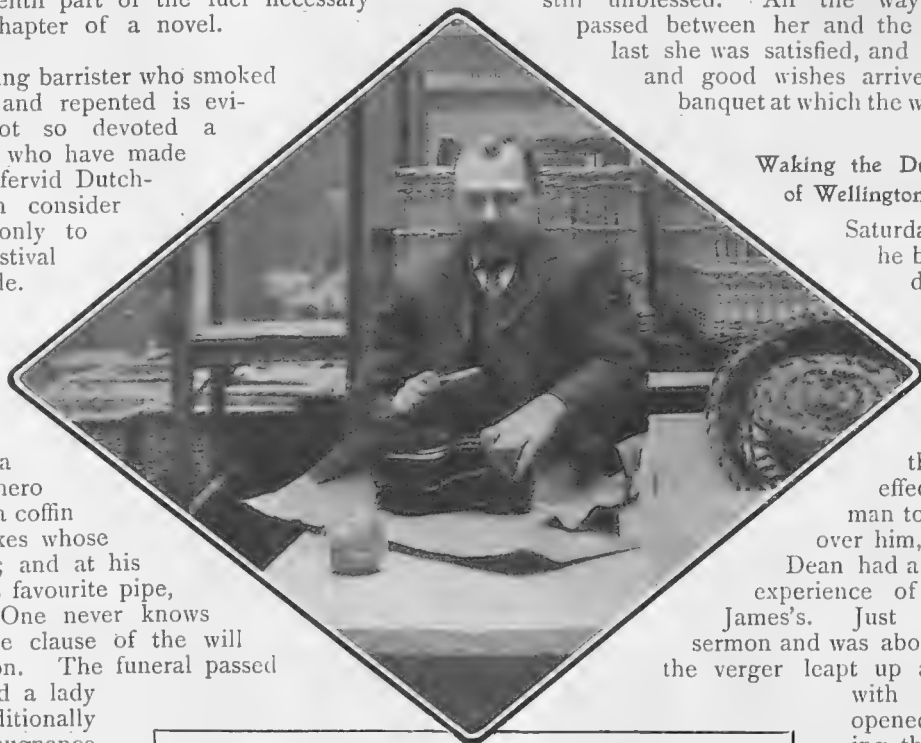
was not satisfied. She started for the Continent with the University still unbled. All the way along her route telegrams passed between her and the promoters of the festival. At last she was satisfied, and her message of congratulation and good wishes arrived just in time for the great banquet at which the world of learning was entertained.

Waking the Duke of Wellington.

Dean Hole, to whom a memorial is to be unveiled in Rochester Cathedral on Saturday, would have remarked, had he been still living, that the current discussion on the value of sermons is but an echo of previous ones, and would hardly have been likely to be tempted to enter further into the affair. In all ages men have thought that sermons were losing their effectiveness; it is the fashion of man to dispute the ability of those set over him, spiritually or otherwise. The Dean had a story of Bishop Jackson's first experience of the Chapel Royal of St. James's. Just as the Bishop finished his sermon and was about to descend from the pulpit, the verger leapt up and slammed the pulpit-door with terrific violence, then quietly opened it again. The Bishop, thinking the man had gone mad, looked sternly at him. The man whispered that the Duke of Wellington was present, and this banging of the door was the means adopted to arouse him from sleep. The explanation was correct; the Bishop's homily had lulled the aged warrior to slumber, and it required something in the nature of a cannon-shot to arouse him to the state of reverent dignity demanded by the moment.

**FISH THAT CAN BE DROWNED: WALKING FISH.**

Several of these fish have just been added to the collection at the "Zoo." Not only can they jump from place to place in pursuit of the small flies and insects on which they feed, but they can climb, by means of the breast fins, over rocks that may be in their way. To move thus overland, the fish turns the hinder part of its body towards the left, then raises its body, and makes the spring, using the back part of its body as a lever. It belongs to the class known as lung fishes, its air-bladder being to all intents and purposes a lung. Placed in very deep water it would drown. When the river dries up it buries itself in the mud, and breathes in the air as does a newt or a frog.

**OPERATING ON PARCELS BROKE IN THE WARS.**

The Post Office makes it its business to re-pack and re-direct parcels found broken in the post, and for this purpose has a special "hospital."

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



DRAWING A CORK WITH THE FEET:
AN ARMLESS GIRL HELPS A FRIEND
TO A DRINK.



STANDING ON HIS HEAD ON THE TOP
OF A STEEPLE: A DARING SLATER'S
FEAT, RIVALLING THOSE OF THE PRO-
FESSIONAL GYMNAST.



ANOTHER KIND OF DRAWING WITH
THE FEET:
AN ARMLESS GIRL AS ARTIST.



ONE OF THE UGLIEST FISH IN THE WORLD:
THE HEAD OF AN OAR FISH, WITH OPEN
MOUTH, WASHED UP ON THE BEACH NEAR
HOKITIKA, NEW ZEALAND.

Photograph by Brett.



THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S
CHARGER, BUCEPHALUS, AT MANDRA, NEAR
RAWAL PINDI, AT THE BASE OF WHICH
MANY OLD COINS HAVE BEEN FOUND.



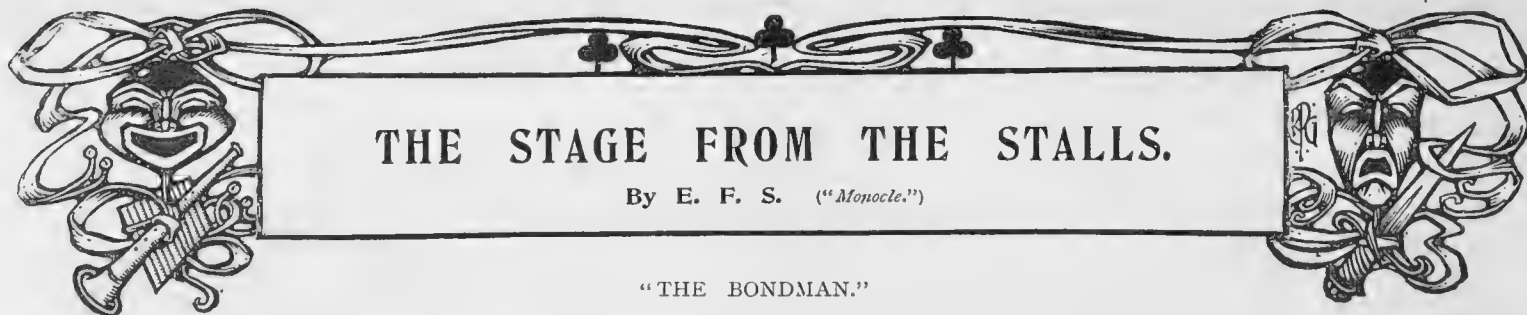
THE RESULT OF BUILDING ON SAND: A SUNKEN FLOUR-STORE
AT TUNIS.

The large flour-store shown, which stands at the gates of Tunis, was built on sand, and shifted in the manner illustrated almost immediately after its completion. French engineers are endeavouring to raise it to its original position, a work calling for uncommon skill and patience.



AN UNUSUAL PATIENT: AN ELEPHANT WARMLY CLOTHED TO CURE
IT OF RHEUMATISM.

The elephant belongs to Sarrafani's Circus, and at Leipzig it contracted rheumatism in the legs. It was cured by means of hot compresses, and the cure was aided by the costume in which we show the patient. In our illustration he is having his temperature taken.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE BONDMAN."

THERE may be two opinions concerning the value of "The Bondman" as drama. It may be imagined that some will set it above the dramas of our day, and at the least it may be placed a good deal above "The Prodigal Son." Yet, notwithstanding the applause at the Lane and the fact that the play will thrill thousands and tens of thousands, I am bound to state with all the solemnity proper when one is writing not a hurried first-night notice, but a critique for a weekly paper, that without the scenic effects due to the collaboration of Mr. Arthur Collins, I do not think the public would have discovered that "The Bondman" is a work of remarkable quality. Indeed, but for the author's name, some might have classed it as sensational, rather clumsy melodrama, a little irritating at times on account of a kind of grandiose air, a rather crude story of love and hate, based throughout upon motives that seem inadequate save to those who have read the novel.

There is no reason why drama of higher quality should not be successful at the Lane, but its patrons certainly like what they get.

but without which we doubt whether the trio of people who count—Greeba, Michael, and Jason—would do this and that and the other. The collaborator would even manage to get Jason off the island inhabited only by the reformed drunkard priest and two hundred fisher-folk, to be left stranded on which is his only reward, according to the play, for amazing feats of unselfishness.

The popular play—for its qualities, and perhaps even some of its defects, will render it popular—is capably acted. One is surprised to find Mrs. Patrick Campbell in such a galley, but Drury Lane policy is to make our leading players its galley-slaves one after the other. No doubt Mrs. Campbell is versed in the melodramatic mode; we have not forgotten admirable work at the Adelphi before Mr. Pinero enabled her to electrify London as Paula Tanqueray. Still the work done since then and the style adopted since then seemed not unlikely to unfit her for "the Lane." Pleasant surprise! The languor that marked her work in this year's unfortunate season at the Criterion has disappeared. She was the true heroine of "the Lane," and something



Mr. Moser. Miss Farrar.

CELEBRATING THE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MOZART'S BIRTH AT SALZBURG: MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, MR. MOSER, AND COMPANY IN "DON JUAN."

The fêtes held in Salzburg in celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's birth brought many musical celebrities to the Austrian town, including Camille Saint-Saëns, Hahn, Strauss, Gustave Mahler, T. F. Hummel, Mr. Moser, of the Vienna Opera, and Miss Geraldine Farrar, of the Berlin Opera.

Photograph by Hulin, Trampus, and Co.

The critical may wonder why the chief characters act as they do, and doubt whether they would; still, assuming that their conduct is plausible, it is admirable, and they are very remarkable persons, always behaving in italics—I hope the phrase will pass. Reviewers have called the book Homeric, but Homer sometimes nods, and so does Mr. Hall Caine as dramatist. Yet it would be unfair to suggest that the spectators nod. Big situations are offered to them every few minutes, and the animated pictures on the stage demand and deserve attention. All is "frightfully thrilling," as the Ibsen girl remarked, frightfully thrilling and fairly novel, but still it is rather a pity that the play itself does not reach a higher level, that the remarkable ability displayed in Mr Caine's novels does not appear in his plays. The sincerity is there and the desire to give his best, but the strange glamour of the stage seems to blind him when he writes for it. It may be heresy to hint at collaboration, yet it does appear that, with a skilful fellow-worker to take from him the mechanical difficulties, Mr. Hall Caine would be able to give more of his true self. The collaborator would condense the dialogue, shorten the unimportant scenes, and make place for the vital explanations that are not given,

more; for the irresistible charm, the fascinating strangeness, accompanied her vigorous, skilful work as Greeba. That she was exactly the representative of a Manx farmer's daughter is not the case, but the author may be blamed: his characters do not quite seem what they are—that is, what they are according to the facts of the piece. The other women parts are poor; but Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Marie Illington, and Miss Mary Brough made the most of them. Mr. Frank Cooper was quite excellent as Jason, a little too English it may be, and even, seeing his Sicilian blood, too restrained, for there is really nothing foreign in the part save the "coon" trousers in the first act. His acting was powerful and his elocution admirable, so he gave a picturesque, effective performance. Mr. Henry Ainley, the Michael, was not quite at his best, being rather wanting in force, despite his skill. Nevertheless, it may be that a little touch of weakness helped him in the sulphur scene, and he certainly pleased the house. Mr. Austin Melford made quite a hit as the drunken priest, and deserved the hearty applause he received. Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Henry Neville did their best—which is saying much—with rather ungrateful parts.

MAID MARIAN.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD, WHO IS TO PLAY MAID MARIAN TO MR. LEWIS WALLER'S ROBIN HOOD.

Mr. Lewis Waller will produce Messrs. William Devereux and Henry Hamilton's play, "Robin Hood," at the Lyric next month.

Photograph by Langfier.

THE MODERN AUTOLYCUS—AN AUTUMN TALE.



THE END OF THE SEASON.

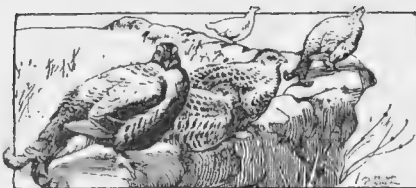
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A READY UNDERTAKING.



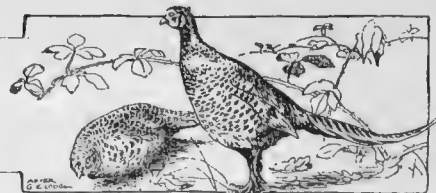
DISMAL OLD LADY: I don't suppose I shall ever want another pair, Mr. Stibbins.
 OLEAGINOUS ELDERLY SHOPMAN: I 'ope you'll wear out a lot more shoe-leather yet, Mum.
 DISMAL OLD LADY: Ah, but I've one foot in the grave already.
 OLEAGINOUS ELDERLY SHOPMAN: Most 'appy to sell you a single boot, Mum.

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Enter the Pheasant.*

Next week will see the beginning of pheasant-shooting, though I suppose that there have been a good many unfortunate accidents already in various corners of the country. The pheasant has an irritating knack of turning up where he is not expected, and there are times when he pays penalty for it. I have seen a young hen pheasant shot in August by a man in pursuit of black-game, who said he thought he had found one of the black-cock's lady friends and never paused to think or look carefully. He had all the excuse, too, that it was not a pheasant country. I have known young pheasants to fall in this way among the clover in September just because one or two careless sportsmen have not stopped to consider the possibility of the existence of anything but the partridges, which were rising rather fast. To some men, most shooting is snap-shooting: hand and eye work together, and the brain has uncommonly little to do. The wild pheasant has a great deal to put up with at the best of times. It is seldom well cared for by its foolish mother, it knows nothing of its father except, perhaps, by name, and there is no doubt that it is compelled to shift for itself at an age when other birds are getting a very fair share of attention.

A Question of Flavour.

As a sporting bird the pheasant is quite satisfactory in October if he be picked up in front of the guns as they go along on other business, but unless he chance to be a wild bird he is not worth much for the table. To get the pheasant at his best one must wait until he has eaten fully and freely of the late autumn berries that apparently delight his palate. These berries seem to supply him with yellow fat, and when he is well supplied he is well fit for the table. The October pheasant is a poor thing in three cases out of four, and the best he can offer is a sporting shot. If he chance to be a wild bird he will get up and away quickly enough, but the hand-reared variety seems to need more and more handling every year before it can pass properly over the expectant gunner. This fact is perhaps accountable for the rising value of good partridge land. Nobody denies the difficulty of shooting pheasants that come high and are flushed skilfully, but the trouble required to bring the birds along is very considerable, and tends always to increase. Wild birds grow scarce because keepers are generally encouraged to collect all the eggs they can find, and the pheasant that is home-bred is quick to forget its wild instincts and to become more and more like the domestic fowl.

impossible to shoot them. As a rule, they will leave the foster-mother after a time, and will depart to the fields under the guidance of the best advanced bird of the covey; but this, apparently, is not always the case, and the birds of which I write, finding that all the food they wanted was put before them in the paddock, were never far away from it—to the great embarrassment of their owners, who had looked to see them becoming wild in a little time. It seems more than likely that a man with time and patience, and suitable country, could raise any game bird and make a pet of it if he would but study its habits sufficiently to give it the life it desires.



FEROCIOUS FEATHERED BABIES: A BROOD OF KESTRELS IN THEIR NEST.

The young kestrels, far from being afraid of the photographer, presented beak and claws at him, and evidently would have liked nothing better than attack.

Photograph by J. T. Newman.

Poacher and Pheasant.

Few birds are more mercilessly poached than the pheasant, and the methods by which he is captured by the unscrupulous are endless in their variety, and often associated with gross cruelty. Every big estate must yield a certain number of its birds to the undeserving. There are those that stray and are sometimes encouraged in their vagrant habits by the action of some artful scoundrel who baits his own bare woods with maize or raisins. The poacher has learned to pursue the pheasant in manner that leaves no trace, and he has realised that a gun, however small and however lightly loaded, is a source of danger. On the other hand, a small store of corn that has been well soaked in strong spirits can be discarded readily enough if a keeper approaches, and, if all goes well, can be thrown down on suitable ground with the best possible results; for, given the chance, the pheasant will get as drunk as a free and independent elector of the lower order on polling-day. Roosting in a drunken condition is impossible; the bird cannot use his feet. In very cold weather the watch-spring hidden in a little lump of frozen fat is another favourite device. Soaked maize threaded on wire and then cut off, or with a little piece of wire left at either end of each seed, is yet another of the hideous devices by which poachers can secure the unhappy pheasant, and really the bird that goes straight into the danger-zone without knowing it and falls dead before a good shot is as well off as any of his tribe.

Breeding-Season Fights.

I think the pheasant most to be pitied is the bird that has survived all the troubles of the winter season only to be killed by one of his companions in contest for a mate. I have seen the cock-birds fighting in the early spring, but have never seen one succumb,



THE ADAM OF RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

Our photograph shows what our correspondent believes to be the first railway carriage—the very Adam of such cars; but whether he is accurate in his surmise we cannot say. The carriage is preserved at the old Soho Works, Shildon, where many of the first engines for the Stockton and Darlington Railway were built.

Photograph by Atkinson.



EXTRAORDINARY CARVING ON A TOMBSTONE.

The stone, which is of Saxon origin, is in Heysham Churchyard, on the shore of Morecambe Bay. The carving upon it is believed to illustrate the death of Adam, the Story of the Cross, Eve and Seth on their way to Paradise, and the Garden of Eden, but it has long been a puzzle to antiquaries. There is no trace of lettering upon it.

Photograph by Knowles.

Tame Partridges.

The raising of birds under artificial conditions makes them absurdly tame. Some friends of mine raised partridges under bantam hens with every intention of restocking land that had been rather severely shot over. The birds were reared quite successfully in a paddock next to the garden, and there they grew so tame and so free from alarm that it was

though I have been assured by other observers that it is by no means an uncommon occurrence. It is a fact that a pheasant driven from the hens of its own species will not hesitate to invade a fowl-run in pursuit of the hens there, and many an unfortunate cock pheasant, beaten by one of his stronger brethren, has ventured to a neighbouring poultry-run and there come to a sad end.

NOT TRAITORS' HEADS FROM TEMPLE BAR—



BUT SEED-PODS OF THE SNAPDRAGON.

We need hardly emphasise the point made in our title by insisting on the resemblance borne to skulls by the seed-pods of the snapdragon—it must be evident to all. In such freaks of form does Nature delight. The snapdragon, a plant of the genus *Antirrhinum*, is known by various other country names, notably as calf-snout, lion's-mouth, rabbit's-mouth, and frog's-mouth.—[*Photograph by Faidcau.*]

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. BARING GOULD, it will be remembered, declined at first to avail himself of the rare opportunity of reading his obituary notices. According to an American contemporary, he changed his mind, and perused the various estimates of himself and his life-work. Asked how he felt on reading them, he replied grimly: "Taken aback, nonplussed. I feel like an East Hain lady who owned a parrot. The lady's cook came to her one day in joyful excitement. 'Oh, Ma'am,' she cried, 'the parrot has learned some new words.' 'Good,' said the lady, 'the bird is wonderfully teachable. It sits and drinks in every word my husband says to me. What does it say now?' 'It keeps a-sayin', 'Shut up, you old fool.'" This is no doubt imaginary; but it is not ill imagined.

So far as appears from the publishers' lists, new books will be somewhat less numerous this year than for some time back. This is by no means a misfortune. It does not mean that the book trade is less prosperous, but the reverse. A publisher is far happier with a short list of good sellers than with a long list in which many do not move. I fancy there is a considerable cessation of the expensive art-books in which the publishers for a time indulged so largely. Probably the market was overstocked. There is an evident disposition on the part of the public to read old memoirs, especially French memoirs. If they are illustrated, and have a good spice of scandal, they never fail to succeed.

The late Lord Lovelace, the grandson of Byron and the last surviving son of the poet's daughter Ada, led a singularly secluded life, but one of his friends says that he was a refined scholar and critic, a keen philologist, and a recognised authority on Swiss and Tyrolean dialects. Though a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Lovelace took little interest in politics, and led a retired life at Ockham in the company of his family and a few literary friends. At one time of his life Lord Lovelace was a keen and bold Alpine climber. "So we feel to-day there passes out of sight a man of rare and singular distinction, whose treasures of wisdom and knowledge were hidden from most of us, and whose great and undoubted powers were never put to their full use."

Lord Lovelace will be remembered simply by his book, "Astarte," the full title of which is "Astarte: a Fragment of Truth concerning George Gordon Byron, sixth Lord Byron. Recorded by his Grandson, Ralph Milbanke, Earl of Lovelace." The dedication is to "M. C. L., in acknowledgment of steady sympathy and encouragement, and equally necessary criticism, without which this anxious duty, impossible to neglect and hardly more possible to execute, could, perhaps, neither have been undertaken nor carried through." I am quite aware that Lord Lovelace withdrew this book from circulation, but it exists; it is accessible to students, and it is certain to be reprinted in one form or another. It shows a certain ability, but it is marred by what can only be called a savage spite. The attacks it contains on John Murray have been admirably refuted by the present representative of the firm. Mr. Murray's article was, indeed, unanswerable, and

Lord Lovelace made no attempt at an answer. One sentence will illustrate the spirit in which Lord Lovelace wrote: "The combined malice of Murray and Moore against Lady Byron was crowned with complete success. For thirty years, from 1830 till her death in 1860, and from then till now, she was outlawed by public opinion, and her name has been devoted to infamy, almost entirely owing to the slime and greed of the vermin with whom Lord Byron's death was a feast of mortality and corruption." But the main object of the book was to support the gravest charge ever yet made against the poet. Lord Lovelace produced little new material, though he hinted at the possession of more. But as the case stands, the verdict must be "Not Proven." If Lord Byron had not been so inveterately addicted to posing, the judgment must have gone against him. His own letters would have condemned him. But being what he was, he is not to be interpreted as other people are interpreted, and it is well to give him the benefit of the doubt. It ought to be said that by some mysterious process of reasoning, Lord Lovelace persuaded himself that he had written his book in the interest of his grandmother.

I have previously referred to the memoir of the late W. T. Arnold, of the *Manchester Guardian*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. C. E. Montague, which ought to be published in a separate volume. Tied as it is to some essays on Roman Imperialism, it escapes the notice of the ordinary reader. Arnold, who is best known as the author of an admirable essay on Keats, was evidently a great journalist, one to be ranked with Bagehot, Greenwood, Morley, Godkin, and Goldwin Smith. Mr. Montague is not a whit less able, and there is a real interest in his contribution. He is one of the very few contemporary writers who make habitual use of the semi-colon. Thus: "The impulse to work on Roman history was never displaced; it was a trade-wind; it held; off that track curiosity blew where it listed; only always hard." But he manages to say a great deal that is to the point. Referring to Arnold's plans for a great book on Roman history, he justly observes that such plans for using life are bets on its length. "Gibbon won on the June night when he laid down the pen in his garden house at Lausanne. Almost every year the throw is seen lost. . . . For these defeats there is no wide sympathy. To work twenty years in a mine and send up nothing marketable, and then be brought up dead—to many friends this is the very type of futility. What ailed him to waste the sun while he had it?"

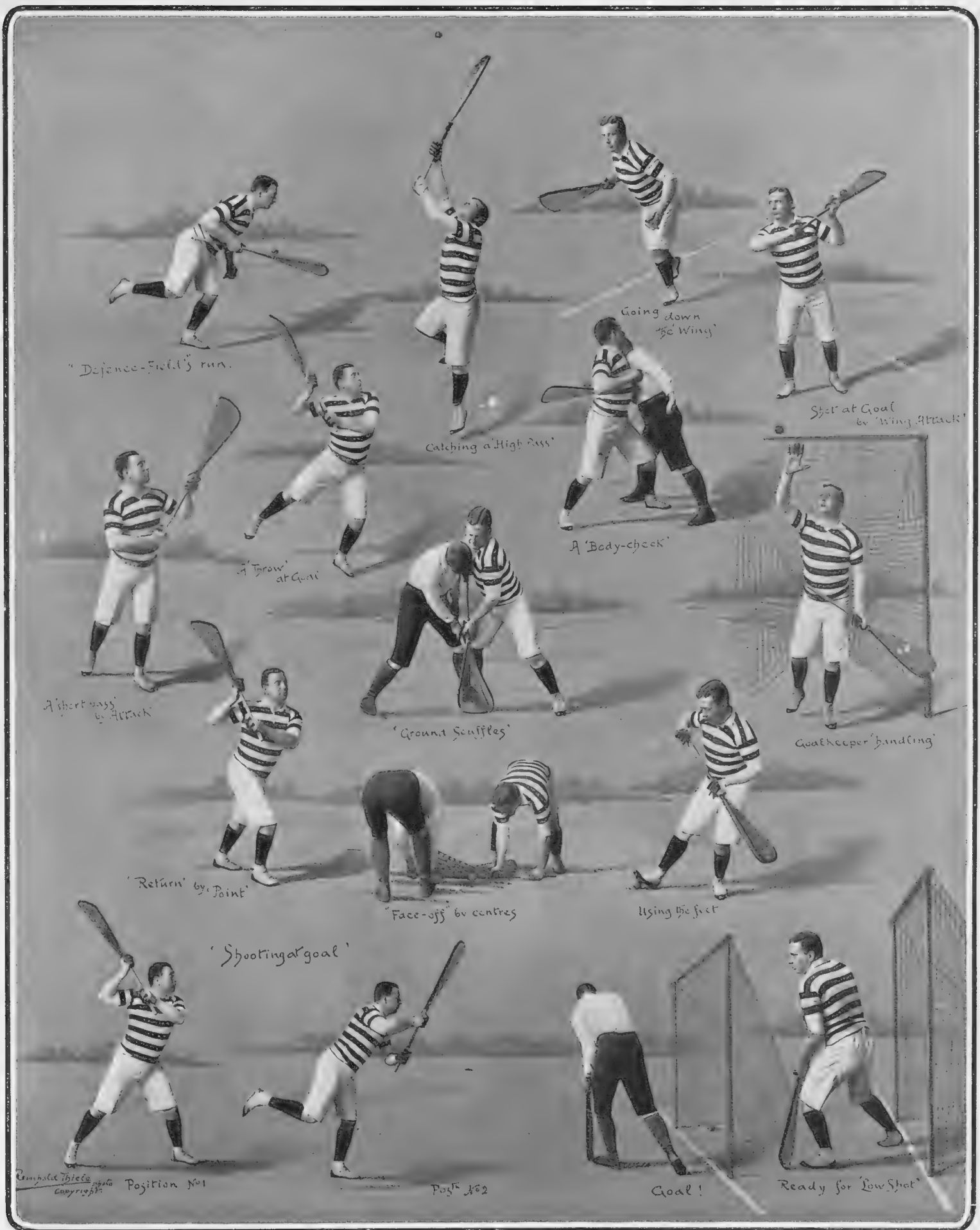
Mr. Montague also lays proper stress on the swiftness necessary for the first-class journalist. Most people have never learned to read. That is, they read so slowly that they never make any headway. "Arnold was one of those who might seem to be merely cutting the pages of a new book, on a subject that they know, but will lay it down at the end with the net addition already filed and docketed that its contents can make to their own stock. Without this knack a man who tries to keep up with so much as one fair-sized subject is oppressed or flurried with a sense of 'ever climbing up a climbing wave.'"



ECHO.

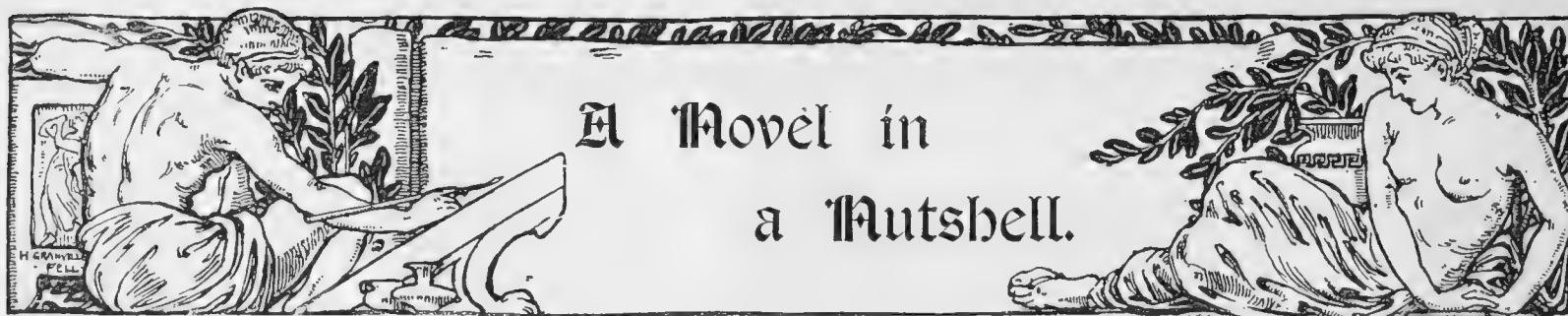
FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST NORMAND.

IMPORTED FROM CANADA.



LACROSSE AS IT IS PLAYED.

Copyright Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.



THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

I.

"MY eyes," said Alethea Carlyon, "have been opened."

She said it solemnly, with an air, an emphasis, a decorous and almost pious flourish, and her husband regarded her with puzzled dismay. He had returned that afternoon from the pursuit of big game in the more inaccessible wilds of Central Africa. He had expected—not unnaturally—that Alethea would meet him with some show of pleasure. She had not troubled to meet him at all. She was out when he arrived, and when he inquired the reason of her absence he was informed that her Ladyship was speaking at a meeting of the League of Freedom. Carlyon had been absent from England for some months, and had never heard of the League of Freedom. He supposed it was something new, and he was surprised that Alethea should be interested in it. It was not like Alethea to be interested in anything but herself, her husband, her house, and frocks, and friends, and all the thousand and one amiable frivolities which made up her life. Carlyon did not understand her connection with the League of Freedom, whatever that might be; he understood it less than ever as he gazed now, perturbed and slightly disappointed, at Alethea's changed and unsmiling face.

"Didn't know you had anything the matter with your eyes, darling," he said feelingly. "Look bright enough, anyway. . . . I say, you haven't said you're glad to see me yet."

Alethea parried the question. Her eye—was it the result of the mysterious process of "opening"?—pierced Carlyon with a glacial stare.

"Did you not receive my last letter?"

"Boat got upset—expect it's feeding the fish," Carlyon explained. "Any particular in it?"

"I told you, in that letter, that I had joined the League of Freedom."

"So did Smithers. Said you were spoutin' at a meetin'," Carlyon said, beginning to drawl and clip his "g's" a little. It was a way of his when annoyed, and Alethea knew it. Her eyes sparkled. "Didn't know you'd taken to the platform trick. Beastly bad form, ain't it—eh, what, Ally?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Ally,'" Lady Carlyon said irritably; "it reminds me of the comic Press." Her tone conveyed volumes of contempt for the comic Press. "The League of Freedom, Reginald, is a very serious thing."

Carlyon took out his cigarette-case.

"Sounds so, I'm sure—deuced serious. Wish you wouldn't call me 'Reginald'—makes me feel chilly about the spine. What the dickens is the League of Freedom when it's at home?"

"The home of the League of Freedom," Lady Carlyon retorted lyrically, "is in the hearts of those who have devoted their lives to its sacred cause—those whose one desire is to free the victims of a hideous tyranny from the yoke—that—which—"

Her eloquence evaporated. Carlyon was selecting a cigarette.

"Sounds nice—very," he said. "Don't wonder you've gone on the platform, if that's your ticket. Most improvin'. . . . So the League of Freedom is a Russian secret society—eh, what?"

Lady Carlyon was so irritated that she forgot to be lyrical.

"You are really too frightfully dense, Reggie. It's nothing of the kind. It's a society formed by myself and—others to bring about the reform of the Divorce Laws—to make divorce more easy—"

Carlyon's jaw dropped, so did his eyeglass, so did his cigarette-case. For a moment he looked almost idiotic.

"By—Jove!" he ejaculated slowly. It was the only remark which seemed appropriate to the occasion, and he repeated it, more slowly still. "By—Jove!"

The President of the League of Freedom felt vaguely pleased. At any rate, she had made a sensation—of some sort. Her announcement had undoubtedly filled her husband with amazement.

"Yes, Reginald. There are other tyrants than the Tsar. On every hearth, no matter how humble, stands one who has, alas! the power to tyrannise, and—too, too often, the inclination also. It is the mission of the League of Freedom—I may say, without taking too much upon me, it is my mission—to curb this unhallowed power, to incite its trampled victims to revolt, to raise the sacred standard of domestic liberty, equality, and—"

Carlyon suddenly found his tongue.

"Make divorce more easy—why, it's a confounded lot too easy as it is! There was the Carraway business—d'you remember? . . . Oh, I suppose you were in the schoolroom then. . . . Well, anyway, it was a plant, the whole blessed thing. Mabel Carraway dragged me in—I'd no more to do with it than you had—and the Old Man stopped my allowance, and there was the deuce of a row—and every bit of the evidence was paid for. . . . And you want to make it more easy!"

"You need not tell me about the Carraway case. I know too much about it already."

"By—Jove!" Carlyon murmured to the ceiling. "Make divorce more—why, you'll be wanting to divorce me next!"

"If I thought it my duty, Reginald, I hope I should not hesitate to make an example of you, even at the cost of much pain and unpleasantness to myself. But do not let us be personal—at present. After dinner I am engaged to address a meeting. Perhaps you would like to accompany me. The subject is 'The House of Bondage.'"

"The House of—?"

"Bondage," returned Alethea, in her clearest platform tone. "It signifies Marriage, the marriage of those who have no true bond of sympathy—sympathy of soul."

Carlyon had perhaps learned the difficult lesson of patience in pursuit of big game. At any rate, his lesson stood him in good stead now. Quite a number of remarks rose to his lips, but he knew better than to utter them. He picked up his cigarette-case.

"I'll have a smoke, if you've no objection, Al—Alethea," he said. "Another night I'll be charmed to go and hear you spout—most—ah—most interestin', I'm sure. I hope you take your examples of wife-beatin' from personal experience—eh, what? Triffin', did you say? Well, perhaps I'm not feelin' very serious to-night—sight of you, I expect. I say, Ally, can't you chuck your spoutin' and take me to a theatre—eh? Can't? Oh, never mind."

But when she had gone he sat staring at his unlighted cigarette. "Marriage—'The House of Bondage!'" he murmured. "Oh, by Jove!"

II.

Carlyon had reason to regret the wilds of Central Africa during the next few months. The League of Freedom, he found, was distinctly an institution to be reckoned with in the domestic circle. Alethea the light-hearted, the frivolous, waved the standard of liberty and equality to some purpose. In the days before that fatal expedition which had left Alethea to become a prey to the needs of Divorce Reform, it had struck Carlyon at times that perhaps she might be a little too fond of pleasure, a little too empty-headed. He was so sincerely fond of her that he would hardly admit the damaging fact to himself, but now he recalled, with keen regret, the memory of her unceasing gaiety, her pranks, her wilfulness, her charming fits of childish temper, her still more charming repentance. Oh, if the Alethea of those days had but survived! Carlyon was anything but sentimental; but he thought of the frivolous beauty whom he had exchanged for a woman with a mission with a tenderness which hovered on the perilous edge of sentiment; he was in love—sentimentally, hopelessly, helplessly in love—with the memory of his wife as she had been only six short months ago. It was a changed world for him since Alethea had become President of the League of Freedom. She was certainly polite to him when they met, but it was the politeness of those between whom a great (spiritual) gulf is fixed. She told him as much, when she had time to tell him anything. She hinted darkly that between them, she feared, there was not that sympathy of soul which alone could make Marriage other than Shackles of Slavery. There was a flavour of cheap Press headlines about the phrase which did not add to the joy of Carlyon's existence. In vain he endeavoured to drag her into the frivolities she had once loved too well. She explained to him that she had given up Society. She had found the Meaning of Life—the capitals are her own—in trying to free the trampled victims whom the uncivilised laws of a degenerate country still imprisoned in the House of Bondage. Carlyon doubted whether "trampled victims" was good English, but he did not express his doubt in words. He attended meetings of the League of Freedom, and listened with indescribable emotions of mingled pity and amusement to Alethea's impassioned periods in praise of liberty. He read full accounts of her speeches in all the papers with a sinking heart. It was bad enough that Lady Carlyon should be making herself the butt of that comic Press of which she had spoken in such accents of disgust; it was infinitely worse that she appeared to take no interest in her husband and his affairs. Carlyon hardly saw her unless a circle of short-haired, and rather queerly attired enthusiasts hemmed her in, like a bodyguard of modern Amazons. These ladies plainly looked upon him as something of an enemy. He was a Man—and as a Man they had no sympathy for him. He felt that they regarded him as a Trampler, and did not exert himself to be pleasant to them; and they pitied dearest Alethea.

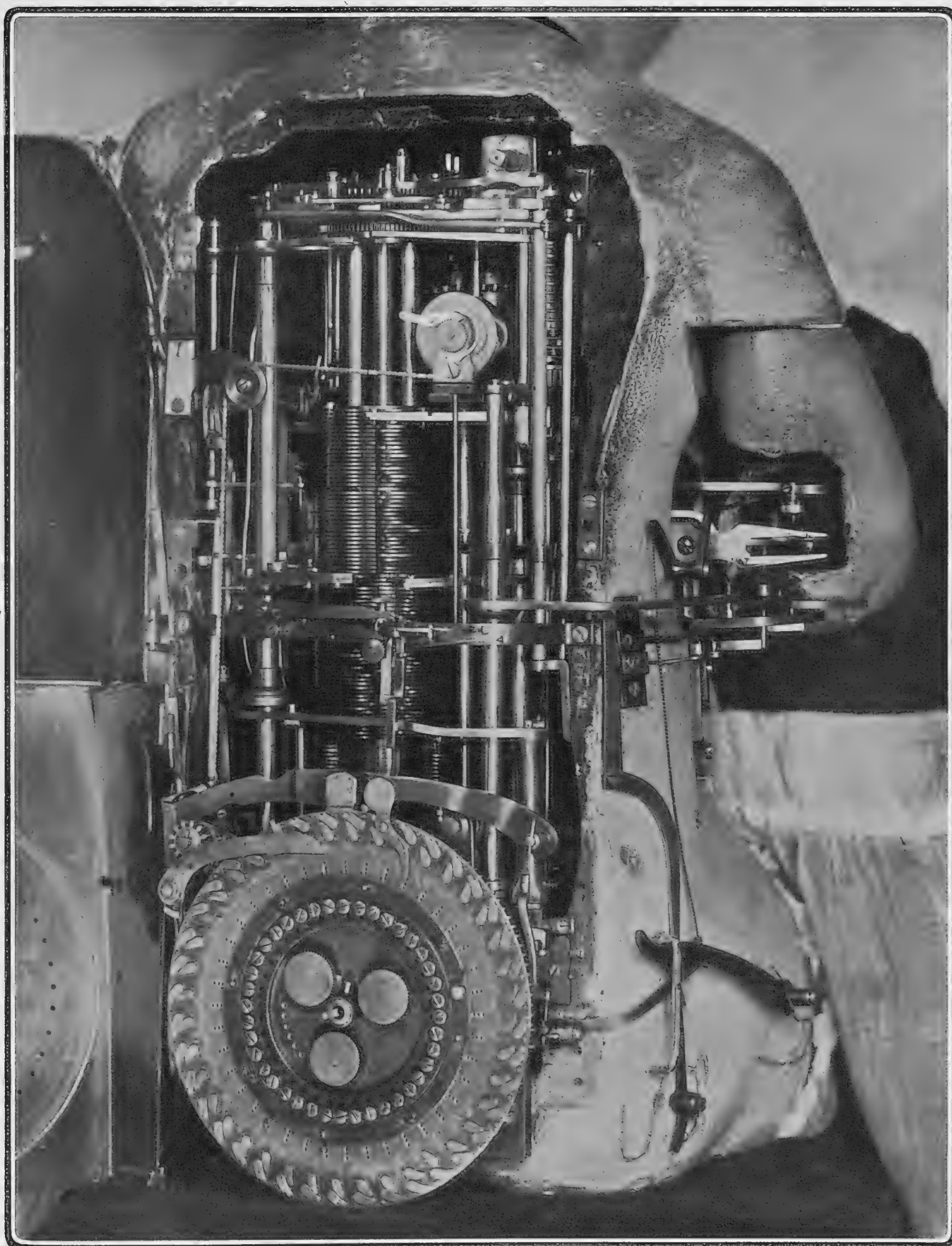
In a moment of unusual expansion Carlyon took his sorrows to the sympathetic ears of his younger brother, Jack Freemantle, who has enriched modern fiction with several novels—published at his own expense—and perpetrates occasional verse in the magazines. Jack laughed at the whole affair.

"My dear old chap," he said, when he had had his laugh, "you must put your foot down."

Carlyon looked doubtfully at the tip of an immaculate boot.

[Continued overleaf.]

IF MAN MADE MAN.



COMPLICATED MACHINERY TO IMITATE THE NERVES AND MUSCLES: THE "WORKS" OF A MECHANICAL MAN.

Look upon this picture—and wonder no longer that man finds it impossible to make a machine not only in his image, but with his many powers. The machinery shown above merely enables the figure to write. Imagine, then, how much more complicated it would have to be to imitate Nature's work to perfection.

"Won't work, Jack. I shall be dragged on the platform as a dreadful example of a wife-beater."

"It strikes me that if you tried a little beating, it would be a good thing."

"What!" cried Carlyon, electrified.

"You're taking it lying down, old man. Stand up to her—run away with her maid—paint things pink generally. Give her something to think of besides this confounded League. Bully her—do."

"Couldn't," said Carlyon sadly. "I—I'm so beastly fond of her."

"If you're so beastly fond of her that you can't put her in her place, don't come and worry me," Jack returned rather crossly.

Carlyon gave in with a groan.

"I'm a fool," he said—quite untruthfully. "You're always fixing up plots and things, and they seem to work out in books. For heaven's sake tell me what to do—and I'll do it."

III.

It was about this period that Lady Carlyon began to notice a change in the behaviour of her husband. He seemed to be away a good deal, and a slight vagueness characterised his descriptions of his wanderings. He did not always seem to know exactly where he had been for his week-ends, and he wore at times a rapt and absent air. He was absent-minded when Alethea spoke to him—he attended no more meetings of the League of Freedom. Some of Alethea's dearest friends began to comment upon his conduct—to Alethea. She was not interested at first; but she made observations of her own, and decided that Reginald certainly looked odd. She remembered the Carraway affair—and wondered, for a brief moment, whether Mabel Carraway had entangled him again. Though President of the League of Freedom, some slight sparks of humanity—feminine humanity—still lingered in Alethea's breast. She could still be curious, she could still—without much temptation—be jealous. She made herself agreeable to Carlyon, and gave up a meeting of the League to go to a new play with him; he excused himself from accompanying her on the plea of a bad headache, and then suddenly remembered a mysterious engagement which kept him away from home until four next morning. Alethea became anxious. The daring spirit who had waved the flag of revolt on countless platforms trembled and hesitated. Lady Carlyon grew thin and pale; Carlyon appeared daily more complacent.

At last the crash came. Alethea, who was not given to early rising as a rule, appeared suddenly at the breakfast-table one morning with hastily arranged hair and an air of consternation. Carlyon had done breakfast and was looking rather gloomily out of window. He turned to find Alethea at his elbow, with a letter in her hand.

"Who—who is the Creature," she demanded, in a shaking voice, "who *dares* to sign herself 'Your Honeysuckle'?"

It was on the tip of Carlyon's tongue to reply, with considerable indignation, that he didn't know from Adam, but he remembered the warnings of a literary younger brother, and trod warily.

"What's the good of askin' me conundrums so soon after breakfast? Better look in 'Who's Who,'" he responded flippantly.

"Reginald! Who is she—why does she dare to write to you like this?"

Carlyon looked at the letter in his wife's hand.

"And what are you doin' with my letters—eh, what?"

"It was brought to me in mistake, and I didn't look at the envelope—and when I saw what it was about I thought myself justified in reading it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, I call it a low-down trick to play. And what does the—the Honeysuckle person say to me—that I'm her Bee, or her C, or her Boa-constrictor—or what?"

"She says you took her to Brighton for a week-end, and—"

Carlyon felt inclined to curse the too facile literary imagination. Alethea regarded him with angry eyes.

"Aren't you going to say *anything*?"

"Don't know what there is to say. She says I took her—I suppose she knows. If I said I didn't," Carlyon added, with much sense, "you wouldn't believe me."

"Of course I shouldn't. I shall never," declared Alethea pathetically, "believe a word you say again. Oh, Reggie, I didn't think you were like this; we haven't been married two years and you desert me for a horrid, low Honeysuckle creature!"

Carlyon was beginning to see the uses of the literary imagination, as possessed by a younger brother. He began—also—to enjoy himself a little.

"Well, you've got your remedy handy," he said amiably. "What was it you said at Hampstead last Friday? Something stirrin' about takin' out the offendin' eye—most Scriptural and improvin'. I'm *your* offendin' eye—and all the rest of it, don't you know. You can pluck me out—eh, what? Capital idea, don't you think?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Divorce," said Carlyon briefly. "Escape from the House of Bondage. Then you can find sympathy of soul with somebody else, and I can go to—Brighton with the Honeysuckle. Sweet name, Honeysuckle—eh, what?"

"Divorce you!" Alethea cried. "You are actually proposing that I should divorce you!"

"Thought you'd like it. As you said at Liverpool on the Thursday before last, it's the Way Out. Thought at the time it was a deep sayin', that—very deep. Now I see it was even deeper than I thought. You're a clever woman, Alethea."

Lady Carlyon took refuge in her pocket-handkerchief.

"I'm a very miserable one," she sobbed. "What's the good of talking about divorce when you've broken my heart? What's the good of divorce to me? I was s—so f—fond of you—and I thought you were so d—different—and now—"

Carlyon very nearly melted; but he decided, with considerable wisdom, that the moment for melting had not yet arrived. He selected a cigarette with unusual care, and tried not to hear his wife's sobs.

"Awfully sorry to upset you," he said at last, politely. "Didn't know you had any personal objection to divorce. Thought it was the thing you longed for—the one bright spot in the dismal prospect of marriage, so to speak."

"But that's not enough to divorce you," Alethea wailed, emerging damply from her handkerchief. "You haven't been cruel—"

"Cruelty's soon arranged," Carlyon returned, in his most obliging tone. "Sorry to—to hurt you, of course, but as the present most iniquitous law stands—as you said on Saturday at Blackheath—it becomes a degrading necessity. Where's the poker?" He made a step towards the hearth, and paused near the bell. "Like to get it over at once, wouldn't you, Ally? We'd better have a witness—it makes things simpler in court. I'll just ring for Smithers—or would you prefer one of the other men? Smithers has been with us so long—he's more one of the family, so to speak. But have it your own way, of course; it doesn't matter to me."

He approached the bell, and cast a reflective glance upon the poker, as though weighing its advantages as a way of escape from that holy estate which Lady Carlyon had once described so graphically as "The House of Bondage." The apostle of domestic liberty followed the direction of his glance, and shrieked.

"Reggie! You must be quite mad! Oh, for goodness' sake, don't—!"

"It's necessary, darling! Well, shall I ring for Smithers?"

Lady Carlyon sank into a chair.

"Reggie, do listen to me for a minute. Of course, I'm awfully upset—I don't know if I can ever get over it. But if I thought I could—if we could patch things up—"

Carlyon shook his head, and edged nearer to the poker.

"Never compromise, my pet, as you said at Queen's Hall—or was it the Crystal Palace?—two Tuesdays before last, at forty-two minutes' length—doors open 3.30, admission by ticket only... never compromise! The woman who, for the sake of base convention or social advantages, bears with the crimes of a faithless husband, strikes a blow at the most sacred privileges of her sex. I should feel pretty sick if I thought that anything I did or any consideration for me had induced you to strike a blow at the most sacred privileges of your sex—I should, really. It would weigh on my mind and keep me awake at nights, don't you know, and make me peevish with the Honeysuckle... No, we won't compromise. It'll be the big case of the season. How pleased the papers will be! They'll describe your hats, and the Honeysuckle's sables, and my ties. It'll be a regular jolly little picnic for them. Only, do be careful which of your photographs they put in—I remember one of Mabel Carraway's came out with a broken nose. I shouldn't like to go down to journalistic posterity as having married a woman with a broken nose... Eh, what—what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, Reggie, must we—are you sure we must have a divorce?"

Carlyon had almost reached the poker. He looked up, in well-acted surprise.

"Eh? Why, you can't possibly overlook that letter?"

Lady Carlyon examined the lace edges of her handkerchief.

"If I thought it was my—my duty," she said, in a small voice.

"Oh, but you couldn't possibly think that. It's your duty to raise the standard of revolt—to pluck out the offender, and all the rest of it, don't you know. As you said at Wimbledon last Wednesday fortnight, the day of forgiveness is over, the day of stern justice has come. The sinner must be punished, not forgiven... Well, you say I'm the sinner. Go ahead and punish me. Show me up. Drag my name into all the papers. Do the family washing in public. Make an example of me, and drive me into the arms of the Honeysuckle. That's *your* duty—eh, what? Don't you think so?"

Lady Carlyon was still examining her handkerchief.

"I say—Reggie—you—you won't marry that—that horrid thing?"

"Marry her? Of course—what else did you expect? She'll be the second Countess of Carlyon right enough. Honeysuckle Carlyon—a sweet name—don't you think so?"

Lady Carlyon sprang from her chair. She forgot the poker—and everything else. She went up to Carlyon and caught hold of him—desperately, as though she were drowning—and looked up at him with a white face and streaming eyes.

"Reggie—forgive me—oh, do, do forgive me! It was my fault—I see it was all my fault. I was horrid to you—I didn't try to be nice to you—I didn't try to—to keep you. And the Honeysuckle creature got hold of you—and you weren't to blame one bit. Oh, Reggie, I'm a wretch—a wretch! I don't deserve to be forgiven. But I won't divorce you—you can do anything you like—where's the poker?—you can kill me if you like, in front of Smithers—or anybody. I won't have a divorce—nothing shall make me!"

She was sobbing convulsively now—but somehow her head was on Carlyon's shoulder, and his arms were round her—rather tightly—and he made no effort to get at the poker. He said nothing until she grew quieter, and when he spoke his voice sounded rather choked and queer.

"And you ask me to forgive you—in spite of that letter?"

"I don't care about the letter—or forty letters. I can't get on without you, no matter what you've done."

Carlyon smiled over the top of her quivering head.

"What an immoral decision!... I say, Ally, don't cry like that. The letter was all rot—a silly hoax of Jack's. I told him I was a bit sick of the League of Freedom—but I didn't know he was going to go as far as this; and when you brought me the thing with that tragedy face I couldn't for the life of me help playing up to it... You will forgive me, won't you?"

Lady Carlyon lifted her head from his shoulder. Wonder and relief—and a twinkle of amusement—shone, with the tears, in her eyes.

"Oh, Reggie—and there wasn't any Honeysuckle?"

"There wasn't—and there won't be—ever."

"Nor any trip to Brighton?"

"Of course not—how could there be? I've been an awful brute to you. I say, what about the League of Freedom?"

Their eyes met again, and they both began to laugh. They did not find it easy to leave off again, when they had once begun. And if they succeeded in mastering their merriment for a moment, Carlyon looked at the poker, and Alethea at the letter on the floor—and both relapsed into a condition of helpless mirth.

"You'll have to write to the League of Freedom and explain that they must choose a new President," Carlyon managed to say at last. "I should say that my eyes were opened to the advantages of the House of Bondage as a place of residence—eh, what?"

"Oh, Reggie, how *could* you?" said Lady Carlyon.

THE END.

A "SEA-SERPENT" IN THE THAMES.



THE ARTIST DISCOVERS THAT THE FISHERMAN IS ABOUT TO TAKE UP A POSITION IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE VIEW HE IS PAINTING.



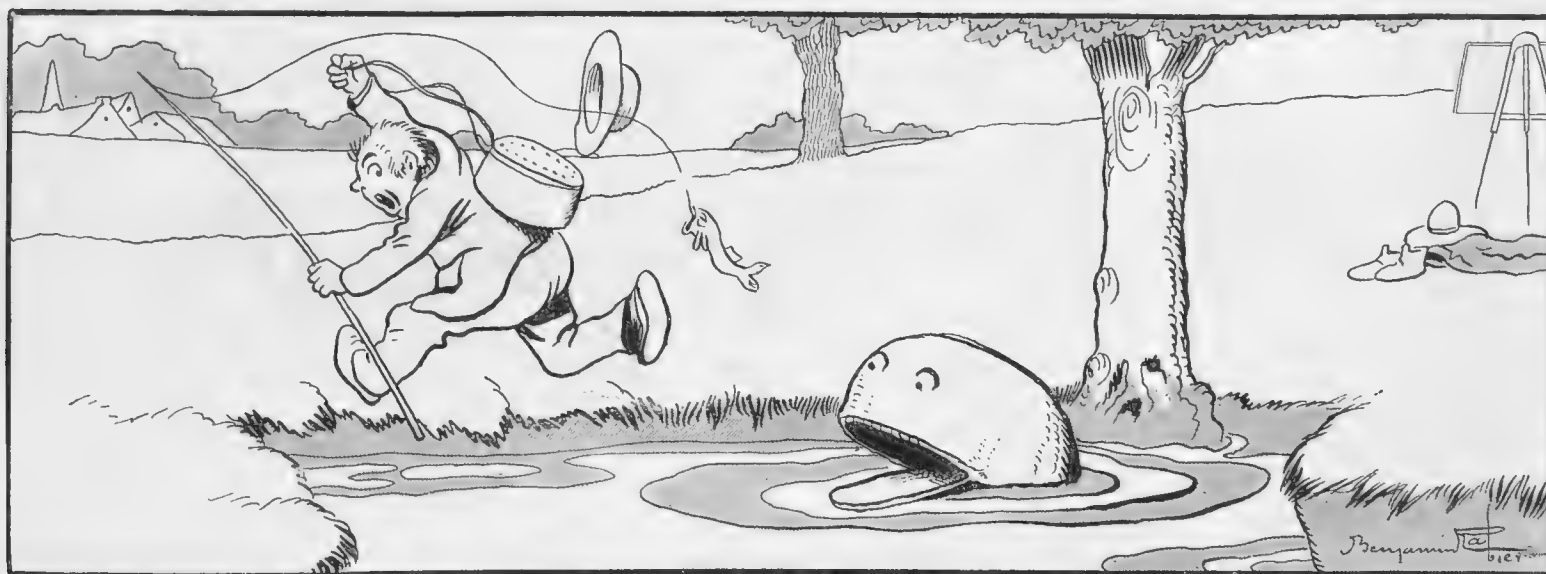
HE IS IN DESPAIR, AND IS WONDERING WHETHER TO GO HOME OR MURDER THE INTRUDER, WHEN AN IDEA STRIKES HIM.



HE PAINTS HIS LUNCHEON-BASKET, UNDRESSES—



AND ENTERS THE WATER WITH HIS HANDIWORK.



THE RESULT—A SEA-SERPENT IN THE THAMES AND THE FLIGHT OF THE ANGLER.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL.



V.—HE TAKES TO DRINK.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE good blown by the traditional ill-wind, which has kept Miss Gertie Millar out of the cast of "Aladdin," has fallen to the lot of Miss Lily Elsie, who will be seen in that part when the Gaiety opens on Saturday evening. Miss Elsie played her first important rôle at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, when, as a child ten years of age, she appeared in "Red Riding Hood." Her début in musical comedy was made in a small part in the provincial company of "The Silver Slipper," and she subsequently acted the character created by Miss Hilda Moody, who has been absent from the stage for some time. It was not long, however, before Miss Elsie's beauty, coupled with her charm of manner and her talent, caused her to be engaged for London, and she played the Princess Soo-Soo in "A Chinese Honeymoon," at the Strand Theatre, with such success that she has remained at the West End ever since. Her subsequent engagements will therefore be fresh in the minds of the readers of *The Sketch*, for they have been in "Lady Madcap," "The Little Michus," "The Little Cherub," and "See-See."

Germany, and he subsequently starred in "Under the Red Robe," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," and similar romantic plays. Five years ago, he entered into partnership with Mr. Edward E. Rice, a well-known American manager, and starred in Mr. H. V. Esmond's comedy, "When We Were Twenty-One," in which Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin (Miss Maxine Elliott) were seen at the Comedy.

The ease which everybody remarked as being so characteristic an accompaniment of the acting of Mr. H. R. Roberts in "The Prince Chap," at the Criterion, might be cited as another instance—were one needed—of the value of early training and long experience to the actor. Mr. Roberts has been all his life a member of the theatrical world, into which, as a matter of fact, he was born, for his father was an actor with a great reputation in Australia, India, and the East generally. He himself was born in New Zealand, but spent the early years of his life in India, after which he went to Australia, where he made a great success. He was taken to America by Mr. David Belasco, under a contract to act for four years, and he supported Mrs. Leslie Carter, playing, among other parts, the Cardinal in "Madame Du Barri." This contract ran out eight or nine months ago, when he entered into business relations with Mr. A. H. Canby, under whose direction "The Prince Chap" ran its season, which terminated on Saturday evening. Mr. Roberts is now booked for a provincial tour, but he will return to London at Christmastime to reproduce the play before starting for Australia.



AMERICAN FARCE IN LONDON: MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, WHO IS PLAYING FRANK FULLER IN "MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM," AT THE WALDORF.

Photograph by Gooter.

the part which is distinctively named "The Charm of Paris." She has only been four years on the stage, and immediately after her début she was engaged for the Théâtre des Mathurins to play in a round of pieces during one winter season, after which she went to the Marigny Theatre for the revue of "Les Petites Femmes de Marigny." Her success in that piece led to constant engagements in that peculiarly Parisian form of entertainment, which certain managers have tried to introduce to the London public, though not, it must be confessed, with the results which they expected or desired. Mlle. Delys' greatest success was no doubt her last engagement at the Cigale in the revue of "Ce que tu dis." Everyone who saw her talked of her performance, and it was no doubt this which led to Mr. George Edwardes engaging her for the Gaiety, whose last production, it will be remembered, was based on a French original.

Evidence is constantly being brought forward of the value of training in serious parts to the actor who aims at keeping his audience in a state of laughter. Several of the most brilliant comedians were "villains" on the stage before they took to comedy. The latest example is Mr. William Morris, who has made so striking a success in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," at the Waldorf Theatre. For several years he was one of the recognised leading men in New York. In that capacity he was engaged by Mr. Charles Frohman when that astute manager was about to open the Empire Theatre, New York, with a stock company, and he appeared as Lieutenant Hawkesworth in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Mr. Morris resigned his position twelve years ago in order to star in "The Lost Paradise," an adaptation of a play by Fulda, which still holds the stage in

The cordiality for which our nation is celebrated is certain to be exhibited in the welcome awarded to Mademoiselle Gaby Delys, who comes with a brilliant reputation from Paris to play



AMERICAN COMEDY IN LONDON: MR. H. R. ROBERTS, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING WILLIAM PEYTON IN "THE PRINCE CHAP," AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios



LONG MAY IT BE UNOCCUPIED! MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S TOMB IN PÈRE LA CHAISE CEMETERY, PARIS.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Branger.

Sooner or later Miss Winifred Emery is certain to be seen in association with Mr. Cyril Maude, thus restoring the domestic combination which was at one time so striking in the theatrical world. The success of "Toddles," however, cannot help preventing that occurring for some time, and Miss Emery, with the actor's objection to enforced idleness, will on Monday start a ten weeks' tour to the chief cities of the kingdom, playing "Olivia," in which, on occasions, she appeared with Sir Henry Irving, when she understudied Miss Ellen Terry. She opens in Manchester, and as that is her native town, and she is exceedingly popular there, she is certain of the warmest of warm welcomes.

On Monday evening an event takes place at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, to which all playgoers will look forward with interest. This is the American début of Mr. H. B.

Irving. His father's memory is cherished as dearly through the length and breadth of the United States as it is held in affectionate memory through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. Sir Henry always believed greatly in the power of the drama as a means towards the strengthening of that friendship between the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon community which is, happily, now so characteristic of the relationship between England and America. Mr. H. B. Irving's engagement therefore carries on the tradition.

KEY-NOTES

MR. HENRY WOOD continues to attract the public by his fine selection from works which have become almost old-fashioned during recent times. His reading of Gluck's Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" showed knowledge and a feeling for the music of an older generation which were altogether admirable. His band, of course, was somewhat too large, and the ending composed by Wagner was naturally out of place, as we have always said since the time when Wagner made that great mistake of adding to Gluck in a manner he would have resented deeply if it had been applied to his own work.

Nevertheless, the Overture gave one a great deal of thought. Gluck, at his best, realised the modern idea that music and literature should go hand in hand, and he went out of his way to emphasise that idea. Mr. Wood showed us that Gluck's ideal was absolutely right. Yet, apart from this thought, one must remember that Gluck wrote for the voice, and Miss Gwladys Roberts sang the "Divinités du Styx" with a feeling of drama which, although it did not perhaps attain the full idea of Gluck's meaning, showed that the singer felt all the possibilities contained within the lovely phrases which must ever enthral the musician.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke, who is one of the greatest English composers of our time, has written a setting of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells," which will receive its first performance at the Birmingham Festival during next month. The work was not composed specially for this occasion, but was finished in September 1903. It is planned upon very large lines, and needs an extremely big orchestra to give it justice—Mr. Holbrooke is a man of large ambitions. It requires sixty strings, three flutes and one piccolo, three clarinets and one bass clarinet, a huge number of drums, small cymbals, a glockenspiel, a hand-bell (in C), two grand pianofortes, and a celesta. Besides this, Mr. Holbrooke asks for tubular bells, four mushroom bells, one xylophone, cymbals, and other instruments which are almost beyond the dreams of Berlioz. We say almost, because in the great treatise on instrumentation Berlioz advanced even farther than Mr. Josef Holbrooke; whose work, we have no doubt whatever, will in the end make its own success. Ambition in the instrumental world is one of the weapons which great composers must wield. We are glad that Mr. Holbrooke extends his feeling for instrumental music so far that, though some people may smile, we can feel the greatness of his ideal.

Master Joska Szigeti, who at the early age of thirteen has already achieved a European reputation, is a master of the violin. More,

he is a musician of intelligence, and with a thorough feeling for music which might shame many an older player. He is, to begin with, one whose ear is absolutely true; he plays with thoughtfulness and with a sensitive feeling for the art which he endeavours to express in a manner that is both delicate and delightful.



A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD MASTER OF THE VIOLIN:
MASTER JOSKA SZIGETI.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Mr. Arthur Fagge will conduct the London Choral Society at the Queen's Hall on Oct. 29; Dr. Walford Davies will be represented on this occasion by his "Everyman." It will be interesting to note whether Dr. Walford Davies's work is accepted by a London audience as enthusiastically as it was by a Leeds audience some two years ago. In December, Elgar's work "The Kingdom" will be produced under the auspices of the same society. Bossi's "Paradise Lost" will be given in the early days of the New Year; we also learn that Brahms's "Requiem," the most depressing musical work that ever was composed by a great musician, will be produced in the same series of concerts. For our own part, the "Requiem" of Brahms is one of the few musical masterpieces which absolutely convey a sense of resignation to death. Every other musician who has essayed the task of telling us of the feeling and the after-feeling of death has attempted to make at all events some show of the separation of the body from the soul. Brahms never conceived such an idea, and therefore he may be described as a real Doctor in Music who cared nothing about the life of the patient, but cared everything about the death of the patient.

The interest which is being taken in the production of Sir Edward Elgar's new work at Birmingham is comparable with nothing, so far as we know, in the history of modern music. Sir Edward's labour in

music is now so universally known, and has been appreciated so far and so near, that the very thought of a fine and novel work from his pen naturally arouses the greatest sympathy and intimate sentiment. That Elgar should now be recognised as the man who represents English music in its highest zenith is very natural; we are quite prepared to believe that his efforts are followed here, there, and everywhere with enthusiasm throughout the Western world. What his new work will bring to us—that which he calls "The Kingdom," and which is the logical outcome of "The Apostles"—we cannot at present pretend to appreciate; the fact remains that he has worked up a certain situation in the idea of the progress of the Christian world which Wagner himself worked up in the

idea of the gods of Nibelheim. In fact, just as Wagner was the preacher of the great deities of the world, showing us the way in which a man should walk, so Elgar, in his Christian faith, shows us without any failure, through the great art of music, everything that he determines to preach.

COMMON CHORD.



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS VIOLINIST AT LUNCH WITH HER HUSBAND'S BROTHER
OFFICERS: MRS. FRITZ KREISLER WITH OFFICERS OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, who will give his first London recital of the season on the 29th, has just served his period of training in the Austrian Army.



THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE: A VERY OPEN AFFAIR: SHORT COMMONS FOR CARS—BOTTLE-BLOWN TYRES: NO MORE PUMPING—£1 PER HORSE-POWER TAX STILL UNDENIED—FELT AS A PUNCTURE-PREVENTER—LLANDUDNO'S LIMIT IMPROBABLE—THE SIX-CYLINDER MINERVA: A CAR OF CHOICE!

TO-MORROW, in the Isle of Man, and over an altered course, the Tourist Trophy Race of 1906 will be decided. When I say an altered course, I mean that the southerly portion of the route used last year is to be abandoned, the cars cutting almost due west across the island from Quarter Bridge, and reducing the length of one circuit to something over forty miles. So far as can be judged

from the contour published, this deviation will tell against consumption as compared with last year, for the reason that the passage of the mountain road over Snaefell will have to be made twice more than was the case in the first race, if the same distance is to be covered. The fuel-allowance is to be less than before, for the original proposition, so strangely and suddenly departed from last year, is to be adhered to in tomorrow's competition. Each car will be allotted a quantity of petrol equal to one gallon, and parts of a gallon, for every twenty-five miles, and fraction of twenty-five miles, to be covered. If the weather be bad and the roads are holding, I fancy



A NEW GLIDING BOAT: THE LAMBERT HYDROPLANE ON TRIAL.

The craft made its first appearance at the Juvisy Motor-Boat Meeting.—[Photograph by Branger.]

that the percentage of cars that will fail to finish will be considerable. Under the altered conditions, the designer and makers of the winning car will have every reason to plume themselves on their success.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and so, hot-foot upon my plaint in last week's *Sketch* with regard to the "hard-labour" job of inflating a pneumatic tyre up to 60 to 80 lb. pressure per square inch comes an announcement that the Parsons Non-Skid Company are about to put a self-charging apparatus upon the market at a reasonable cost. This, as I understand it, is to consist of two or more metallic bottles or flasks charged with compressed carbonic acid gas, each bottle containing sufficient gas to charge an 810 mm. by 90 mm. tyre ten times. The bottles will be carried in a neat case to go upon the footboard, or can be otherwise conveniently stowed, and each bottle will be fitted with a pressure-gauge which will show the presence of gas per square inch within the inner tube, after the bottle-nozzle has been attached to the valve and the cock turned on. It is suggested that when the bottles are discharged it will be possible to recharge them at a cost of five shillings, so that it will cost sixpence fully to inflate a tyre of the dimensions above mentioned. And very cheap, too. I have known times when I would gladly have paid anyone five sixpences and more to do the job for me.

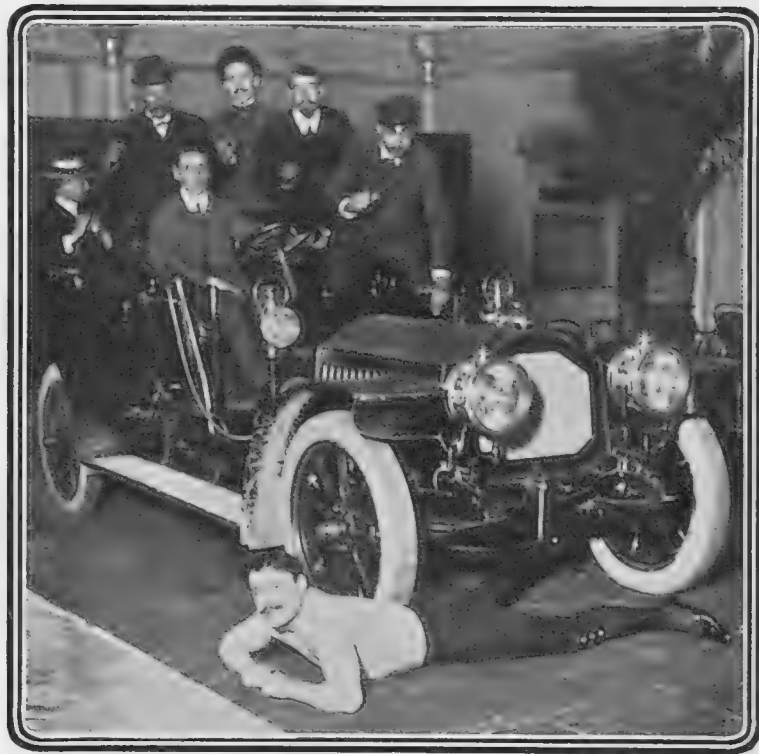
No authoritative denial appears to have been given to the report that the coming Motor Bill is to provide for taxation upon motor-cars at the rate of £1 per horse-power, with a minimum of £5. The possibility of so crushing an imposition has caused something like consternation in automobile circles generally, and the trade in particular, for the output of medium-powered and medium-priced cars would be diminished by at least seventy-five per cent. if such a heavy charge were to be legalised. On the other hand, I am not certain that a modified horse-power tax would not prove an advantage, inasmuch as it would urge designers and makers to strive even more than they are doing at the present time after increased efficiency. For taxing purposes horse-power could only be determined by cylinder-content, piston-sweep, or even bore alone, and this would urge all

concerned to do their utmost to get the greatest effect at the road wheels out of such cylinder-dimensions. I am further of opinion—and there are many who think with me—that over, say, twenty-five horse-power, the tax might be increased in an ascending ratio.

The shallow-pursed car-owner is always agog to learn of something that is at once cheap and effective as a puncture-preventer and tyre-saver. A French medico who motors for his practice asserts that a band of felt some three-eighths of an inch thick and three and a half inches broad, cemented to the inside of the outer cover only by its edges, entirely frustrates punctures. Our doctor has used these bands for some time, since when his tyres have not been perforated. In all probability the doctor's car is a light one, and the drive through the wheels does not disturb the felt band; but would this be so in the case of high-powered, large-tyred heavy cars? I doubt it. If the fact of the felt being unstuck in the centre is not a factor in its resistance to puncture, but the felt is alone the thing, then our tyre-makers could easily arrange to vulcanise a layer of felt on the inside crown of the cover. Up to the present, the finest puncture-resisters I have used are the armoured leather strips vulcanised on to the Michelin non-skid tyres.

Application for the imposition of the ten-miles limit to certain streets in Llandudno appears to have been made by the Carnarvonshire County Council without rhyme or reason. The witnesses put forward by the applicants admitted that motor-car accidents were comparatively rare there, that no town in North Wales had wider or better kept streets, that there had been a considerable division of opinion on the local Council as to the application, and that if the order were obtained they had not considered the means they should adopt to enforce it. On the other hand, a local Justice of the Peace, two local medical men, one only a motor-car user, and two local Councillors opposed the application. The motorphobists on the Llandudno Council, thanks to the Motor Union, are not likely to get their order.

In the six-cylinder Minerva car, the first of which will be landed in this country in a day or two, those who favour six-cylinder cars will have their range of choice most admirably extended. That the



RUN OVER EACH NIGHT BY A TWO-TON MOTOR-CAR: "THE LIVING CRUSHED ONE," IN PARIS.

Our photograph illustrates a feat now being performed at a popular music-hall in Paris. The man shown, who is described as "The Living Crushed One," is stripped to the waist, stretches himself on the stage, and allows a 40-h.p. motor-car, scaling two tons and carrying six passengers, to be driven backwards and forwards over his body.—[Photograph by M. Rol and Co.]

car in question is all that can appeal to critical motorists in this country is vouched for by the fact that no less an expert than Mr. Arnott, of Messrs. Arnott and Holloway, has given it the cachet of his warm approval and support.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

AUTUMN HANDICAPS AND DOUBLES—FIXTURES—SHUT IN.

I AM told that the Anglo-Australian layer has been doing a roaring trade with his double-event book over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. This appears to have become the favourite form of speculation in the autumn of late years, more especially since Ballantrae won the Cambridgeshire and landed doubles for punters galore. Favourite doubles up till now have been Noctuiiform and King Charles, St. Wulfram and Velocity, Torpoint and Velocity, and Feather Bed and King Charles; while, if I am not misinformed, the majority of the North-country backers have coupled Mintagon with King Charles, and it would be like old times if both races went to the North once more.

MISS D. K. DOUGLASS,
Winner of the Ladies' Open Singles and (with Mr. G. W. Hillyard) of the Mixed Doubles.

Mintagon will get a place in the Ebor Handicap, but he looks a big handful for Cockeram, who will ride him at Newmarket. The horse wants a man on his back, and it must not be forgotten that Merry Andrew would have won the race last year had the jockey been a bit stronger. King Charles is a horse the public have been waiting for since Ascot, when he ran second to Dinneford for the Royal Hunt Cup. He was, according to rumour, tried a certainty for that race. Subsequent form proved that it was no disgrace to have been beaten by Dinneford, seeing that gossip said that the Manton people did not really know how good their horse was before Ascot. But all this by the way.

No doubt the handicappers have sized the form up to the best of their ability, which means a lot; and it is just on the cards that when the autumn handicaps are won and lost, many of us will be asking the question, "Whoever would have thought it?" Handicaps are framed, or should be, with a view to all the horses engaged running a dead-heat, and the man who fancies that everything has a chance gets on best in the long run.

MISS MORTON,
Winner (with Mrs. Sterry) of the Ladies' Open Doubles.

The rearrangement of the fixtures, whereby the August Bank Holiday meeting is taken away from Hurst Park and given to Sandown, may work all right, yet I very much doubt it. The gallery like to congregate by the banks of the silvery Thames in the month of August; further, they enjoy spending the evening, after racing is over, by the river banks, but this will not be next year at any rate. I am very glad to notice that the managers of the Sandown meeting are preparing for the change in their fixtures. The stand in the small ring is to be enlarged and roofed, and other necessary alterations are in contemplation, which will, I trust, include any number of turnstiles, that the rings may be filled and emptied quickly. If the authorities are well advised, they will arrange for a bus service from the station to the grounds in case of rain, and fix the fare at sixpence each way. Or, better still, they might induce the railway company to lay a short line right up the grounds on the side of the Royal box. This might be done easily—of course, provided the land were available. The depriving of Hurst Park of their chief fixture is hard lines, but the company will have little or

no difficulty in maintaining their dividend up to 10 per cent. standard, and they are not allowed to pay more, as they come under the new rule, while Sandown and Kempton are allowed to pay away any amount in dividends. I wonder whether our racecourse managers will ever see to it that race-cards are sold at three-pence on Bank Holidays, and that refreshments are retailed to the crowd at popular prices. It seems too much to expect that cheap trips will be run to race-meetings by the South Coast lines, yet we live in wondrous times.

There has been a lot of rough riding seen on the racecourses of late, and I shall be surprised if

one or two jockeys do not have to stand down before the Manchester November Meeting is reached. Baiting the favourite may be an exciting pastime for some of the knights of the pig-skin, but the racing public are not likely to stand it for long. Over and over again the favourite has been shut in in big races, and seemingly some riders have nothing to do but see that the horse backed by the public does not get a fair sporting chance. I have for years argued that a steward should be present at the start for each race, and I do think the starters should report to the stewards all cases of detention at the post that come under their eye. If rumour does not lie there is at the present time a certain feud existing in the ranks of the jockeys, and one division tries to thwart the other. It is apparent to the meanest intelligence that the

sport would not live for a month if the public thought all was not perfectly fair and above-board, and every backer at the post looks to have at least a run for his money. True, there are a number of our jockeys who cannot ride a little bit, and they are responsible for some few of the upsets; but these peccadilloes have to be classed under "the luck of the game." It is different in the case of a capable jockey who may purposely lay himself out to shut in the favourite. Such a culprit, if caught red-handed, ought to be forthwith sent into retirement for a very long period. The example set by an unfair rider becomes contagious in time and does no end of harm to the little apprentices.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

EASTBOURNE TENNIS "WEEK."

As usual, the Eastbourne tennis "week" aroused much interest, an interest fostered by the knowledge that some excellent play was certain to be witnessed. The entries were very large; there were no fewer than 62 competitors for the South of England Challenge Cup; the men's singles showed no fewer than 128 names; the ladies', 94; and the doubles were in proportion. A number of well-known players were, unfortunately, not to be found among the men competitors, but this did not prevent some excellent sets. Devonshire Park had sixteen courts available for the contests; but only four or five of these could have been considered first-rate.

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THE EASTBOURNE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Photographs by G. and R. Davis, Eastbourne



MR. A. F. WILDING,
Winner of the Gentlemen's Open Singles and (with Mr. H. Marrett) of the Gentlemen's Open Doubles.



MRS. STERRY,
Winner (with Miss Morton) of the Ladies' Open Doubles.



MR. H. MARRETT,
Winner (with Mr. A. F. Wilding) of the Gentlemen's Open Doubles.



MR. G. W. HILLYARD,
Winner (with Miss D. K. Douglass) of the mixed Doubles.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TIME was when to winter on the Riviera and spend expensive, exciting days at the green tables of Monte Carlo seemed all that the most exigent could demand of Dame Fortune. Later, however, the spoilt creatures of happy circumstance betook themselves farther south to Egypt and Algeria, where the "weathers of winter" could be more safely set at naught, and a perfect climate added

has taken her cleeek into her confidence and gone golfing with a new husband, with the result also that the clubs have, in many instances, turned up trumps. Young, old, rich, and (comparatively) poor are eligible for the noble game, which restores health, spirits, and "a pleasing appearance," as Shakspeare has it, in the pleasantest way. Women, generally speaking, have been very slow to recognise its possibilities, and have been too easily put off by the difficulties of play. But, judging from the inevitable bundle of variously shaped "sticks" which apparently accompanies every outward-bound *voyageuse*, this year the good habit of golf as a feminine pastime is being acquired by every wise woman in the country. Some of the new golfing woollen blouses are extremely smart, and the leading Paris houses have condescended to invent modes to suit the game since their leading clients have taken to it. Knitted or woven jerseys in thick silk look very *chic* when produced in white with cerise pin-spots, for example, the cravat and cap in cerise; also in dark blue, with cap, belt, tie of dark green. These glorified "sweaters" are treated to revers, watch-pockets, high-standing but not stiff collars, and cost anything from thirty francs to a hundred. There are also new golf-coats for bad weather (enthusiasts despise a drizzle) which allow free movement of the arms, yet actually contrive to look smart. These are known as Talma coats, and are achieving a wide popularity.

To all whom it may and does concern—which means everybody—purple, mauve, petunia, and all intermediate shades are the correct colours of autumn wear. Few complexions there are which are not in sympathy with some nuance of this colour, so we can now dress ourselves anew without more ado. The dahlia and fuchsia combinations of mauve and magenta which ran riot last autumn in the



CARACAL AND ERMINE.

attractiveness to strange Eastern environment; so that the annual Flight into Egypt, as it came to be called, left all Continental hotel-keepers sorrowing for a space. Like all frantic fashions, the craze has somewhat abated, and now, for those who can consult inclination without conferring with their cheque-books, the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi seem the one desired and desirable spot left to negotiate in the winter. Some friends send me lively descriptions of this Rhodesian beauty-spot, and photographs which seem to suggest that it is a miniature Niagara. But it would appear that a certain amount of excitement might be included in such a tour just now, as my friends add that on the way up from the Cape, although much of the native unrest is apparently over, they were advised to "scuttle in before dark," while the presence of a revolver was insisted on as a necessary accompaniment "in case of need." The present very Liberal Government has made *enfants gâtés* of John Chinaman and our black brother Kaffir. Perhaps, however, the members of that distinguished company do not all realise that as recently as July every white woman in Johannesburg was obliged to learn the use of a revolver, and that at the present moment it is not considered politic to allow women and children out after the light has gone.

Those who contented themselves with home-grown amusements and holidays this year have noticed how largely the roll-call of lady golfers has been added to. Every links shows an ever-increasing group of smartly attired women-folk pursuing the evasive ball with varying fortune but ever-increasing enthusiasm. The golf widow who mourned her lot and refused to be comforted, six or seven years ago,



A FASHIONABLE SEALSKIN COAT.

hat-shops were found too trying when applied to real life; however charming in the garden, magenta and reddish purples have a fatal effect on complexions which respond readily to less flamboyant tones. Velvet gowns, made quite short, will also be in vogue.

It is rather sad to be reminded of oncoming winter by the sight of

furs and felt-hats in the shop-windows. One likes to cling to the remnant of summer as long as it is possible to do so, and muslin gowns, airy-fairy parasols, and lingerie hats are regretfully put aside, redolent as they are of happy, sunshiny days, and the long-drawn delights of departed summer evenings. Felt and fur have, nevertheless, arrived to stay, and some of the new Empire hats are very bewitching, with long, drooping feathers and waving plumes, so reminiscent of the styles worn just two years ago. Other shapes are small and very much raised off the hair—in this particular abating none of the eccentricity displayed of late. These same high-perched creations have had the effect, by the way, of popularising transformations to an extent highly profitable and pleasing to hairdressers. It became so necessary to exhibit one's coiffure in elaborate undulations with the small, modish hat of the moment that most women have found it easier to invest in a transformation, the comfort and convenience of which one really does not understand until worn. It is such a boon to feel not alone to be tidy, but well coiffed at all times, and with well-arranged hair one is always at one's best. The time and trouble spent over curling and waving are saved, while one's own locks are all the time having a much-needed rest.

Housekeepers who take an interest in their domesticities will welcome the advent of a new household antiseptic cleanser with the style and title of Nylon. It is a positive luxury in the bath, softening and whitening the skin. As a hair-shampoo it has few rivals, removing impurities from the scalp and giving a lustrous appearance to one's hair. It whitens linen, cleans carpets, crockery, plate, linen, and is, in a word, an indispensable shillingsworth. It is already in exceedingly high favour.

SYBIL.

The entries for the Odol Mouth Competition were very numerous. Examination of the solutions sent in revealed the fact that three-quarters of the total number were from the fair sex, mostly, as would no doubt be supposed, unmarried ladies. Of the thousands of solutions only thirty-one were correct, whilst nearly five hundred guessed correctly more than twenty, thereby securing consolation prizes. The fortunate winners of the chief prizes were: Miss Gladys Blythe, 67, Berlin Road, Catford, S.E., first prize, £20; Miss Ethel Hallé, 341, Great Western Road, Aberdeen, N.B., second prize, £10; and Miss Mabel James, Briarfields, Bidston, Birkenhead, third prize, £5; to whom cheques were promptly sent, as well as to the winners of the fifteen guinea prizes. The competition has been the means of introducing Odol to many who had never before used it, and are now loud in its praise.

Mr. St. John Harmsworth, who has just undergone a severe operation, as the result of the terrible Hatfield motor accident, is the sixth of the family of which Lord Northcliffe is the head. His many friends will be pleased to hear that he is now progressing satisfactorily, and an ultimate recovery is confidently anticipated. Mr. Harmsworth is a great athlete, and a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford. When he frees himself from the cares of business, he finds sport and recreation in his favourite resort, the broadlands of Norfolk. The wild life and natural history of that particular district appeal strongly to his outdoor-loving nature. It is not generally known that it was Mr. St. John Harmsworth who first suggested the introduction of "Perrier," the now widely known French natural sparkling table-water, into England. During a motor-tour in the Midi of France, he came across the then little-known "Perrier" springs, when he at once recognised the peculiar merits of the water. Since its introduction into England "Perrier" water has established itself as a phenomenal success.

The Ardath Tobacco Company is finding that its tobacco and cigarettes are steadily gaining in popularity, and adding to their already considerable reputation. The company boasts that its factory produces high-class cigarettes and tobacco only, and guarantees that the goods bearing its name are of first-rate quality. Smokers will hardly need to be reminded that the company's productions include the famous State Express cigarettes, the Ardath Smoking Mixture (medium, mild, and full), and the Quo Vadis (Turkish) cigarette. These, together with the company's other productions, are obtainable at over 25,000 tobacconists' and stores in the United Kingdom, and at most dealers' elsewhere. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining a supply of any of the brands mentioned, a sample box of the three most popular brands will be sent on application to the company on the free sample coupon given elsewhere in this number.

Mr. Charles Augustus Giles Browne, the well-known advertising agent, is making an heroic effort to perpetuate the name of Wych Street, done away with by the improvements operations under the London County Council Act of 1899. When the area dealt with by the Council was decided upon, the landowners and the tenants affected were compensated, with the exception of Mr. Browne, who held a sub-lease of Nos. 53 and 54, Wych Street, the Council evidently overlooking the fact that Mr. Browne's sub-lease gave him an option to renew for twelve and three-quarter years on giving notice last July. This Mr. Browne did, with the result that an extraordinary legal tangle has ensued, and that the Council put up a street sign, "Nos. 53 and 54, Wych Street," for the benefit of Mr. Browne, who has expressed his desire to trade in the non-existent street, and, as tenant, demands right of access for the twelve and three-quarter years already mentioned.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"PRISONERS," by Mary Cholmondeley (Hutchinson), will startle many readers by its sheer ability. Here is a story at last, clean, admirable, and powerful. There is no lack of strength in the plot, and the character-drawing is extraordinarily good. It is said that the writer spent many years in the construction of her story. This can be easily imagined. The awkward corners of a rather difficult but wonderfully original plot are all smoothed down, and the novel is never allowed to wander or to become tedious. Everything monotonous, everything unnecessary, is rigidly excluded. Each character is vivid and alive. The minor characters are as carefully sketched as the principal ones. By a few strokes of the pen, Miss Cholmondeley can bring up a real person before our eyes. Thus Fay, who had never borne a mosquito-bite in silence, but had always shown it to the first person she met, after rubbing it to a more prominent red with a plaintive appeal for sympathy; the Bishop, who at fifty went to school to a new thought; Michael, who lay in prison, innocent, for Fay's sake, and pressing his face to the stone wall, whispered as if to her, "Fay, have I served you?" Magdalen, who looked as if she had been obliged to lift heavy weights too young; Wentworth, who intended to make a small ornamental addition, a sort of portico, to his life in the shape of love; Lossiemouth of the heavy, irritable face; the Bishop's chaplain, "tall, stooping, fleckless, flawless, mannerless, joyless"; Aunt Aggie (have you ever kissed a tepid poached egg? Then you know what it is to kiss Aunt Aggie's cheek) and all the rest are real human beings. But it is not the exquisite accuracy of the character-drawing that is alone remarkable. The book is permeated by a very rare, high, and right kind of feeling, and there is a simplicity and tenderness in the more poignant passages that is both beautiful and memorable. It is for lack of this real feeling, which is absolutely apart from mawkishness or sentimentalism, that so many brilliant books which form the sensation of the hour are soon and altogether forgotten. The story turns upon Michael Carstairs' love for his cousin Fay, Duchesse de Colle Alto. He is imprisoned as a murderer in Venice for two years, in order to shield her reputation. He is perfectly innocent, but Fay does not speak. She is too terrified, too weak. When the Duke, her husband, dies, she still does not speak. "Fay, come soon," Michael murmurs over and over again through the endless, burning nights of summer. "Dear one, come soon." Fay, after two years, does screw up courage to confess to the Bishop. The very same day Michael is cleared of all suspicion by the confession of the real murderer. His brother Wentworth, knowing nothing of the truth, goes to the prison at Venice to fetch him home. Michael learns that Fay is to marry Wentworth. Michael sees Fay, and implores her to tell Wentworth the truth—

"Tell him instead of letting him find out."

Silence.

"It is the only thing to do, Fay."

No answer.

"I am afraid you do not love him after all," said the inexorable voice.

Again silence.

Michael dragged himself feebly from his chair, and took her clenched hands between both of his.

"Love him a little more," he said. "Take the risk and tell him everything—while there is still time. Listen, Fay, and try to forgive me if I seem cruel. You thought you loved me once. But it was not enough to risk anything for me. You threw me away by your silence because you found the truth too difficult. Don't throw Wentworth away too because the truth is difficult. Fay, believe me"—Michael's voice shook—"it's hard to find you've been deceived. It's hard to be betrayed." His voice had sunk to a broken whisper. "Don't put him through it. You couldn't if you—if you knew what it was like."

At the end Fay does tell the truth, but it causes Michael's death. The reasons cannot be detailed here. Michael, dying, thought he was sailing over the sheening water in a boat with an orange sail into a pearly morning under a luminous sky.

Who were these two with him in the boat? Who but the two he loved best! Who but Fay and Wentworth! They were all floating on together in exceeding joy. . . . His head was on Fay's breast. His hand was in Wentworth's hand. It was all as in dim dreams he had longed for it to be.

So ends a very noble, strong, and living story.

Sir William Treloar is again hard at work on the business connected with the Little Cripples' Christmas Hamper Fund, for which he has done so much. Recently Sir William received a letter from General Sir Dighton Probyn, Keeper of his Majesty's Privy Purse, enclosing the King's customary donation of ten guineas, together with his expression of pleasure at the flourishing condition of the fund and the fact that "this good charity is still to be kept up." Subscriptions should be sent to Sir William Treloar, at 69, Ludgate Hill, and should be marked "Little Cripples' Christmas Fund."

At the Grocery Exhibition now being held at the Agricultural Hall, London, one of the most interesting exhibits is that of Messrs. Cantrell and Cochrane, Limited, of Dublin and Belfast. This celebrated firm of mineral water manufacturers have a most tastefully decorated stand, on which two prettily illuminated fountains are continually playing. Their mineral waters form a well-arranged group in the centre, and the whole effect is decidedly pleasing and attractive. Cantrell's ginger-ale, the famous beverage which is now so universally popular, occupies a prominent position. Many of our readers are no doubt already acquainted with this delightful "mineral," forming as it does such a palatable drink and being eminently suitable to take with meals. Cantrell's Club Soda, Lemonade, and Sparkling Montserrat are also shown.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 10.

THE week through which the Stock Exchange has passed has been one of severe depression, unrelieved by encouragement from any quarter. Consols have hovered just over 86, Home Rails have drooped day by day, foreign stocks have in nearly every case gone worse, and wherever there has been a feature to record, as in the case of Bank of Ireland Stock—which has dropped 30 points this month—it has been of a depressing nature. Fancy a Trustee stock dropping 30 points in twenty days! The man who buys Foreign Rails or Industrials to earn 5 or 6 per cent. must take some risks, but he has the chance of improvement; the wretched man whose money is safely—heaven help the word!—invested in the highest class of gilt-edged stuff hardly expects to see such a depreciation of capital in so short a time. There never was any chance of a corresponding rise, and the least he can expect is that his capital should not disappear. In the Bank of Ireland case, it is, of course, the revival of the Home Rule bogey, coupled with dear money and some Insurance Company realisation, which has produced the drop; and, considering that the big discount houses will give $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for money at 30 days' call, there is little inducement at the moment for people to buy stocks which will give a smaller return.

While the Stock Markets have been depressed and the City has been suffering from a miniature money scare, the public has in the case of the Mabira Forest Rubber Company shown its readiness to find capital for legitimate enterprise.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

"Let us have this legislation and get it over," will be the exasperated cry of a good many proprietors of Home Railway stocks, as prices melt away under the constant apprehension of what Labour may do when it comes to Parliament next session. The appalling accidents that have happened quite lately constitute an additional cause of strength to those who demand shorter hours for railway employees, because the catastrophes indirectly throw into relief the long hours which some of the railway-men have to work. More than stringency in the money market, the political fears are dealing heavy blows at the confidence of the public in Home Railway investments, while the recent Blue Book of statistics relating to the industry did not make "light" reading for the average stockholder who likes to feel that his Company is being managed in the most economical way possible, and is yielding in dividend all that it prudently may. North Western pays $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money at the current price, and about the same rate is to be obtained from purchases of other "Heavy" stocks. That even this return fails to tempt public buying shows conclusively enough that faith in the market is again veiled. It seems contrary to all Stock Exchange convention for such securities to pay so high a rate upon capital invested, and with the possible relief which the turn of the quarter will bring to the Money Market, there should come a revival in the Home Railway department generally.

COPPER AND DEEP LEADS.

The two most promising departments of the Mining Market at the moment appear to be the "Copper" and the "Deep Lead" sections. The advance in Copper shares is based on the steadily improving value of the metal. The price of copper to-day is over £88 a ton, and so great is the demand for the metal that many good judges anticipate £100 a ton for standard copper this year. But without any further advance, it is obvious that the profits of copper-producing mines will be enormously increased so long as present prices are maintained. The average price of standard copper over the whole of 1905 was £69 12s. This was a price which the Chairman of the Rio Tinto Company described as "more than satisfactory." With copper at nearly £90 a ton, a stronger adjective will be required. The Rio Tinto Company made a net profit of over £1,500,000 with copper nearly £20 a ton below its present price, and from this some idea may be formed of what the earnings are likely to total this year. I am told on good authority that the next interim dividend, due at the beginning of November, will be 50s. a share, as against 40s. last year. If this proves to be the case, there may not improbably be a great demand for Rio Tinto shares from our allies across the Channel. Another share on which an increased dividend is confidently expected is Anaconda, and so soon as the money stringency in the States becomes less acute, these shares are likely to advance sharply. Other Copper shares with good prospects are our old friends Spassky Copper and Mount Lyells, which should not be dear at their present figure.

With regard to Deep Leads, the news cabled on Sept. 13 that the water difficulties on the Loddon Valley Goldfields Company had been so far overcome that the

engineers expected to "enter wash" in about six weeks from that date has naturally stimulated the interest in all Deep Lead shares. All the evidence obtainable from bore-holes points to the great richness of "the wash" which forms the submerged river-bed, and the people connected with the Companies are sanguine that the experience obtained at the Madame Berry Deep Leads, from which about £8,000,000 sterling was extracted, will be repeated. At any rate, definite information, one way or the other, will come to hand within a couple of months from now. The shares of the Consolidated Deep Leads Company, of the nominal value of 4s., have risen to 6s., and afford the best means of speculation in this class of share. The Company holds one-third of the Loddon Valley Company's shares, one-half of the Moorloot Goldfields shares, and large interests in the Australian Commonwealth Trust, etc. Q.

Sept. 22, 1906.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"It's very difficult to say," and the speaker looked round the beautiful palm-lounge of the hotel. "Take any of these people, now. Would they be likely to put up any money?"

Our Stroller sipped his Benedictine. "I've had a talk with a few of them——"

"No doubt," said the other drily.

"And none of them seem keen on buying anything in the shape of stocks or shares."

"Yet they admit that things are cheap and that tight money's only a sort of transitory phase."

"I believe they would take up a new thing readily enough if it were attractive," continued Our Stroller. "There isn't any lack of money, I should say."

"No, it's confidence that's wanting, not money," and he drained his coffee. "Shall we be off?"

"This fire's very comfy," said our friend. "Seems a pity to——"

Oh, well, if you're going, I will come too."

They were in no hurry, and walked down Queen Victoria Street.

"That's something new, isn't it?" The Stroller asked, pointing to an empty window. A notice said that the business of the New Civil Service Co-operative Society had been transferred to the Civil Service Supply Association.

"I don't know that it's particularly new. Rather interesting, though, isn't it?"

"That reminds me. The motor-omnibus companies must amalgamate sooner or later, don't you think?"

"Bound to. Inevitable."

"There may be a few crashes first, eh?"

"Shouldn't be at all surprised at that, either. Glad I didn't put any of my clients into motor-buses."

"I believe that London General Omnibus stock is cheap now," remarked Our Stroller.

"To lock up, it certainly is. And so are Road Car shares."

"What do you think of Gas Light and Coke Ordinary about par?"

"A good $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. investment, likely to improve. Coats' shares ought to be bought, for another Industrial. The dividend is sure to rise steadily."

"Why are Aerated Breads a sovereign higher than Lyons, when both companies pay the same dividends?"

His friend laughed. "I'm not a financial encyclopædia," he rejoined. "Leave that question for a stockbroker; he ought to know, and if he doesn't, he will probably manufacture a reason which will do equally well."

They entered Throgmorton Street from the western end, and were at once, of course, in the American Market.

"To buy and sit on for a few years, Canadas are safe for 200."

Our Stroller had heard these dogmatic assertions so often that he took no notice of them. But his friend repeated the remark.

"True enough."

The Stroller's broker spoke. Mutual greetings.

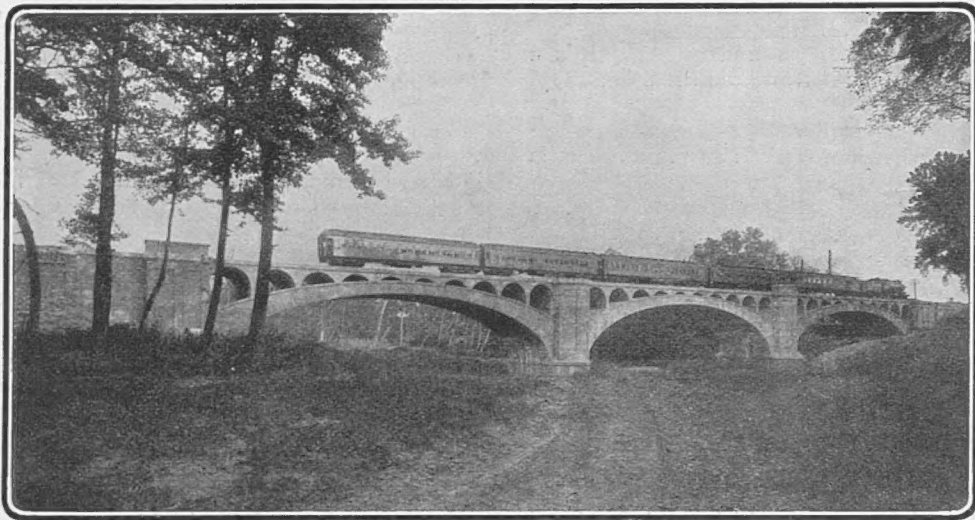
"Allow me to introduce you. My friend and I have been discussing over our coffee what are the prospects for making a success of a new industrial promotion."

The broker shrugged his shoulders. "It all depends," he replied. "People know such a lot nowadays that they want at all events some appearance of value for their money."

"They'll get good stuff in what we were talking about."

"Then I should say it would go all right. Provided it's not a motor-omnibus project," he added, laughing.

"At the top?" exclaimed a voice near by. "Bless your jobbing book! you will see Southern Pacifics standing at 110 before long, or I'll eat my hat."



ILLINOIS CENTRAL'S DOUBLE-TRACK CONCRETE BRIDGE ACROSS BIG MUDDY RIVER, ILL. LENGTH, 575 FEET. CONTAINS 12,000 CUBIC YARDS OF CONCRETE AND 150 TONS OF STEEL. THE LARGEST BRIDGE AND THE LARGEST ARCHES EVER BUILT ENTIRELY OF CONCRETE.

"Boiled or stewed?" asked his neighbour, as he looked critically at the headgear.

"On merits, mind you. No yankee-panky about it."

"Cana—"

"Oh, hang Canadas! They're stuff for investors. Give me the lordly gamble, and Canadas can —"

"Can they? But look here, my boys"—four men drew together—"Bays are going to a hundred."

"What on?"

"Never you mind. Going to a hundred—and soon."

"Supposing Yankees slump?"

"That's the only fly in the amber. You must take your chance of that. They are right, Sir. Right!"

The broker was edging his clients away from the crowd.

"It's interesting work," said Our Stroller's friend. "But what an unholy row! I couldn't make out a word they were yelling in the centre of the crowd."

"Soon get used to it," the broker told him. "Matter of habit and practice—nothing else."

"You can hear what *that* man says," and Our Stroller nodded in the direction of a dealer who was bidding for Tanganyikas in a manner which suggested he must have the shares or die.

"We call it 'puffing,'" said the broker. "He's most likely got a few shares to sell, so he bids 'em up a bit in the hope that someone else will bid too."

"And then would he sell the other man the shares?" Our Stroller's friend looked surprised.

"Oh, by Jove, rather! I tell you, he's only 'puffing.' There, look at that."

Another dealer had bid the same price, and the first at once turned round and sold him a hundred.

"I don't call it fair," protested Our Stroller's companion.

"Oh, that's right enough," the broker assured him. "It's a recognised thing with us. Besides, it may have suited the other chap. You never know."

"I've got a conundrum," said Our Stroller.

"Bet you I know the answer before you ask. It's, 'Because it is kept going by its springs.'"

Our Stroller indignantly denied any intention of asking why Harrogate is like a watch. "I was going to inquire why Lyons' shares are a sovereign lower than Aerated Breads, although both companies pay the same amount of dividend."

"The A. B. C. has a smaller capital and does a more steady-going sort of business. Lyons have increased their capital rather heavily of recent years, and people don't much care for that."

"Vickers," observed another man suggestively.

"I think Lyons and Vickers are both pretty cheap," continued the broker.

"Let's go and swell Lyons' profits," Our Stroller proposed.

"That's a good Maxim," said his friend, after a momentary and obviously unsuccessful pause.

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BRITISH MINT.—We have returned your papers. How anyone could have been foolish enough to subscribe for shares we really cannot think; but we have been unable to find any ground upon which, if he did subscribe, he could set aside his contract and get his money back.

BRITISHER.—It would not be good enough to deposit our own money with the so-called bank.

CHAPLAIN.—See last answer. The only way in which the rates offered can be earned is by using the money on bills-of-sale and suchlike doubtful security.

ISCA.—The shares are depressed because there has been very little promotion business about, and the advertising revenue has therefore dropped heavily. If you think the City and the Stock Exchange are in for better times, the shares are worth buying.

S. C. W. (Malta).—We do not like your list. You had far better buy some Nitrate shares (see last week's issue), some Foreign Rails, such as United of Havannah or Antofagasta, and some mixed Industrials, such as Babcock and Wilcox, Maypole Dairy, and John Wright and Eagle Range Company Ordinary.

N. S. W.—The Nitrates mentioned in our last issue are in our opinion better than the Company you name. We can obtain no price for the founders' shares.

CHINA.—We hope the shares will turn out all right, but the markets are too depressed for much rise at present.

MONA.—The motor or omnibus shares would not suit us. The bank is all right. As to the mines, the profits are splendid, and the dividend just declared ought to satisfy you. We see no reason to sell.

S. S.—(1) See "Q's" note. (2) Yes, as safe as the majority.

STOCKPORT.—Many thanks for your courteous card. We regret misunderstanding the question. The assets have not yet been realised, but there is little chance of the shareholders getting anything after the debenture-holders are paid.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

For the Newmarket First October Meeting Beppo is a good thing for the Jockey Club Stakes. I fancy the following for other events: Great Eastern Handicap, Twelvebore; Beaufort Stakes, Nulli Secundus; Thursday Nursery, Desca; Welter Handicap, Gala; Snailwell Stakes, Xeny; Newmarket St. Leger, Dingwall; October Handicap, His Majesty; Ditch Mile Nursery, Quaver; Bretby Welter, Guigne. At Windsor the following may go close: Royal Borough Handicap, Noctiform; Merry Wives Nursery, Mitral; Queen Anne's Welter, Rosemarket; Falstaff Handicap, Palladia.

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